THE HAPPY SLAVE, A NOVEL.

In three Parts Compleat.

Translated from the *French*.

By a Person of Quality.

LONDON,
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C n T

THE
HAPPY SLAVE.
A
NOVEL.

To the Right Honourable,

THOMAS Earl of OSSORY, Baron of MOOR PARK, *One of the Lords of His Majesties Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

My Lord,

NOthing was wanting to compleat the Happiness of this Fortunate Slave, but to fall into the hands of so Generous a Patron as your Lordship. And I who had undertaken to furnish him, was willing to find him one so qualified, that he might have reason to be well pleased with my Choice. To whom then could I

with more Reaſon Addreſs my ſelf for making this Preſent, than to a Lord, who by Excellent Qualities, as well as Eminent Birth, every day gains Slaves and Creatures to himſelf. To ſatisfie any of the truth of what I ſay, they need not make a particular enquiry, or hearken after the Publick Atteſtations of this Kingdom. The Fame of your Glory extends beyond *England*; there is not in *Europe* a Court, where it hath not arrived, to gain you the Heart and Admiration of the beſt. But, my Lord, to know your Merit more perfectly, we need only conſider the particular eſteem always had for you by the greateſt and moſt diſcerning Monarch in the World; the choice he hath made of your Perſon for the greateſt Employments of War, and the moſt important Negotiations of Peace; the weight and ſtreſs he lays

lays on your Advice, and the confidence wherewith he relies on the clearneſs of your Judgment, and greatneſs of your Capacity in his Council. How fair a Field, my Lord, are your Praiſes to enlarge on, were my Faculties proportionable to my Subject, or my Offerings of value anſwerable to the Dignity of the Perſon they are made to, but the Enterprize is too vaſt and too difficult for ſuch an Author as I; and your Glory ſtands ſo ſure in that univerſal eſteem the whole World hath for you, that it hath no need of new Elogies or Panegyricks. It becomes me better to ſtudy your Pleaſure: The Happy Slave hath an impatient deſire to entertain your leiſure hours with the Relation of his Adventures. And if he prove ſo happy, as not to diſpleaſe you, I ſhall eſteem it the higheſt piece of good Fortun

he hath met with in his Life; at leaſt, I believe he cannot deſire any thing with greater paſſion, unleſs it be, that he who hath taken the Liberty to preſent him to you, may with all due reſpect ſubſcribe himſelf,

My Lord,

Your moſt Humble, and moſt Obedient Servant,

S. Bremond.

Adver-

Advertiſement.

THE Book I Publiſh ſcarce deſerves an Advertiſement. But that I give you, is not to beſpeak the Criticks in my favour. I cannot believe any Perſon of Wit will exerciſe his Faculty on a Trifle, which perhaps I have ſpent leſs time to Compoſe, than he muſt to cenſure. But 'tis becauſe ſome Perſons having ſmall kindneſs for an Author, have been pleaſed heretofore to comment on my Tables, to make ſtories of my ſtories, and to ſtretch my fancy to conjectures which never came into my Head: It were eaſie for me to juſtifie my ſelf in this particular, if it were deſired; but I conceive my manner of proceeding hath ſufficiently done it, to Dedicate it to one of the Principal Lords of the Kingdom, a Book, ſuch as they make my former, by their ſtrange interpretations to be, and to put my Name to it, was it not the way to gain my ſelf Enemies, and utterly ruine me? I have

committed faults in my time, but never of this nature. Therefore I declare to the Publick, and especially to those who busie themselves in penetrating into other mens intentions, that under the literal sense of my Tales there is not hid any Allegorical meaning, that when I speak of the Turks *and of* Africk, *I have not any* Ideas *in* Europe *or any other Nation, and that they will make me think quite otherwise than I think, if they make me speak any otherwise than I speak, if the Intrigues or Adventures I write of, have some conformity to those of our times, I am not to answer for it: 'Tis the fault of Chance and not mine. There are so many in Love, that though Love takes infinite ways, they can hardly avoid meeting sometimes: were Writers confined to entertain you only with things rare and extraordinary, they would be soon drawn dry, and all their stories quickly exhausted; the Reader is intreated to do me Justice herein, and not pay me with ingratitude for the Presents I make him of my Toys: This shall be followed by a Second Part, where the History of* Laura, *who shall bear the principal part in it, shall be matter of Gallantry, and far exceed this of the* Sultaness.

THE

THE HAPPY SLAVE,

A Novel.

AFRICK, for ſome Ages, hath paſt for a part of the World, where the People were no leſs Cruel and Savage than the Lions and Tygers that fill the Deſarts of that Countrey: But ſince the diſcovery of Love there, it hath appear'd, that as Love grows in all Countreys, ſo *Barbary* it ſelf hath nothing of Barbarous but the Name. To verifie this, I ſhall entertain you with a piece of Gallantry acted there, which may juſtifie what I affirm.

Count *ALEXANDER*, a young *Roman* Lord, very conſiderable for Eſtate, (but more for Birth and Parts,) had ſcarce appear'd to act his part on

the great Theatre of the World, but he found himself prest by his Relations to Marry: He was handsom, high spirited, and witty, as those of Old *Rome*, but addicted to Pleasure, as those of the New; humourſome, and wholly given up to the pursuit of his Fancy and Inclinations. As for Marriage (upon the good Advice he had received not to engage, but as late as he could,) he usually said, *What a pitiful Utensil a Wife is?* witness the greateſt part of those Gentlemen dignified with the Illustrious Title of Husbands; especially now adays, when Men seem to have Wives onely for this, That others may make use of them.

These Conſequences he drew, as well from Experience as Example; for being Young, Handsom, and Rich; he was sufficiently qualified not to fail of good Fortune, with a Sex (in our Age) very kind and susceptible, and had not wanted his divertiſements of that Nature; and therefore he had small inclination by taking a Wife, to give others the Opportunity to pay him in his own Coin.

In

In the mean time the Intereſts of the Family (which often prove Poiſon to the greateſt pleaſures of Life) obliging the moſt excellent Perſons to ordinary Actions: The Young *Roman*, to deliver himſelf from the importunity of Relations, choſe rather to quit the Pleaſures of *ROME*, by Travelling abroad, than to make himſelf ſubject to a Law ſo contrary to his Humour, and that beloved Liberty he preferred before all things. He communicated his deſign to his *Valett de Chambre*, who had ſerved him long, and being active and ingenious, quickly took order to have all things in readineſs that were neceſſary for their purpoſe.

The Spring was come, and the Weather ſeaſonable for Travel, when on a fair day the Young Gentleman and his Servant privately left *Rome*, and Imbarqued at *Civita Vecchia* in a *Felucca* hired for the purpoſe. His deſign was to viſit the beſt Courts of *Europe*, beginning with that of *Spain*. But there are Perſons over whom Fortune is ſo rigorouſly imperious, that ſhe ſeems jealous of any thing they under-

undertake, without conſulting her firſt. 'Twas ſhe who provided Count *Alexander* a Voyage into *Africk*, when he had deſigned to confine his Travels to *Europe*: Of the Towns he was to ſee, *Tunis* was marked out by Fortune for one; and though much out of his Road, yet where Fortune intermeddles, there always happens ſomething extraordinary; her exceſſes and Extravagancies being that which chiefly makes us take notice of her.

The fourth day after he had left *Civita Vecchia*, this Young Lord began to perceive, that though all the Elements are terrible at Sea, yet Men who are Enemies are more terrible than the Elements. Till then the Weather had been fair to extremity, not a puff of contrary Wind: He proceeded in his Voyage with what ſpeed he could wiſh, and bleſſed himſelf at the happineſs of the Weather.

The Coaſt of *Italy* is dangerous, eſpecially in Summer, being then ſubject to In-roads by People of the South, whoſe livelihood is Robbery; and when the Weather is fair, their Trade is ſo great, that whoſoever is not upon his

his Guard, is happy if he eſcape them; I mean the Corſairs of *Barbary*. Count *Alexander*, who never thought he had left *Rome*, to be led in Triumph to *Tunis*, ſaw himſelf at break of day ſaluted by a *Brigandine* of that Nation: The poor Seamen preſently took *Alarm*, the ſight of one Turban was ſufficient to affright them: And the *Turks* had ſcarce diſcharged three or four Muſquets at the Chriſtians, but they leapt into the Sea to ſave themſeves by ſwimming; the *Italian* Count and his Servant ſtaid in the Veſſel, not in hopes of being able to defend themſelves againſt that number of Enemies, which the ſtrength of *Rollando*, and the Inchanted Armour of *Amadis* could ſcarcely have done, (whereas now a Man is but a Man, and among other Secrets that of Inchanting Arms is loſt.) But having no skill in ſwimming, he could not expect to eſcape as the Mariners: Yet he was not ſo out of love with his Life, but that he held it better to be a Slave than be drowned. But that thoſe Barbarous Corſairs might ſee what a Perſon they dealt with, and that he might ſell his Liber-

Liberty as dear as poſſible; having commanded his Servant to throw his Baggage over-board, he gave him order what further to do. I will omit the Deſcription of the Action, though reputed the moſt glorious ever done on the *Mediterranean*, being a Combate of Two againſt Thirty, whereof they laid ſix dead on the Deck, and many more wounded. 'Twas an Engagement of a Herd of Wolves againſt Two young Lions, who defended themſelves with unparallel'd Valour and Courage. 'Tis true, the *Turks* (not to loſe the Money they did expect from their Ranſom) ſpared them at firſt, uſing Cudgels only againſt them; but at length the Blood and Death of their Comrades, and the ſhame and diſdain they had of ſo long and obſtinate defence made by two raſh Chriſtians againſt them, being ſo many, having filled them with rage, they had recourſe to their Symitars: And with ſo much advantage, that having killed the *Valet*, the Young Count (after ſeveral Wounds received, his ſtrength, not his Courage, having failed him in ſo tedious a Fight) was forced

forced to yield, being no longer able to lift up his Arm to make uſe of his Sword. The Cowardly Villains had ſcarce the Courage to board him, and durſt not approach him till they ſaw him fallen flat on his back. They took him, and carried him on board their *Brigandine*, where they gave him all the help in their power for ſaving his Life, having no other mark of their Victory, but the taking one Valiant Perſon, who had coſt them too dear to be proud of their Prize: They beheld him with Admiration, and could not comprehend how an Age ſo tender could be capable of ſo much Courage; and that in a Body appearing ſo delicate, there was ſtrength enough lodged to perform the actions they had ſeen. And being Naturally Superſtitious, they did really believe there was ſomething ſupernatural in the Young Mans Perſon, or at leaſt, that he was the Flower of Chriſtendom; this conceit helpeth them to bear with more patience the ſhame of their Victory. And finding their Men thin, and having taken before ſome con-

conſiderable Prizes, they reſolved to return directly for *Tunis*.

The Weather was favourable, and in few days ſail they arrived at *Goulette*, where going aſhore they put the poor Count on Horſe-back, bound and pinion'd like a Robber, and brought him to the Town; ſome of theſe *Barbarians* having got the ſtart of the reſt, ſpread ſuch a Report of his Valour and Courage, that they drew together not the ordinary People only, (who are curious of ſmall matters) but the Principal Perſons of *Tunis*, and the *Baſſa* himſelf, who accompanyed with many of his Friends, came walking towards the Ruines of *Carthage*, to ſee the arrival of this Famous Chriſtian, whom they imagined a Man that carried Terror in his looks: But how were they ſurpriz'd to ſee a Youth pale and disfigured, yet keeping with his good mien the marks of Grandeur in his Countenance. He was pityed by all, and the *Baſſa* being a gallant and generous Perſon, was preſently ſeized with ſuch indignation againſt the Villains, who uſed in that manner one ſo little deſerving it,

it, that he commanded them forthwith on pain of his diſpleaſure to unbind him upon the place; which they inſtantly did, not daring to diſobey him, who next the *Dey* was of greateſt Authority and Power in the Kingdom: He asked them the price of their Slave, and, having commanded him to be conducted to his Palace, paid the Corſairs five hundred Patacoons, being the Money they demanded.

Count *Alexander* having happily fallen into the hands of ſo good and generous a Patron, began to recover. He was Lodged in a handſom Apartment, where the *Baſſa*'s Chyrurgions ſearched his Wounds: And being more carefully lookt to than on board the *Brigandine*, he ſoon found himſelf better, though weak, and ſore bruiſed by what he had ſuffer'd at Sea from the hands of thoſe *Barbarians*, who having no pity for any, had not been too careful of him; yet there was no danger of his Life, the Fever he had was not great, and they had hopes to ſee him well in few days. The *Baſſa* viſited him Morning and Evening, and by degrees his care and kindneſs grew

to

to that height, that he came more frequently to see him, and not only took more particular notice of him, but increased daily the esteem and friendship he had for him.

Before I proceed, it may not be amiss to satisfie the Curiosity of the Reader, in giving him an account of the Person; the Birth and Character of the *Bassa*. *Mahomet Bassa* by the Father of *Sidy Marat*, and *Mahomet Lapsy* the new Beys, was the Son of a Renegado of *Corsica*, of the Family of *Petrosanty*, who by the handsomness of his Person, and the excellency of his Wit, having gained the good Opinion of the *Dey* or King of the Countrey, made so good use of the favour of his Prince, that he advanced him to the highest Office of the Kingdom, whereof he left his Son *Mahomet* his Heir. But, to shorten the Story, *Mahomet* the younger being deeply embroyled with the *Dey* and the *Divan*, (who, jealous of the Authority his Father had gain'd, would have divided the Offices of *Bassa* and *Bey*) went to the Port, and returned Victorious: *Tunis* never flourished as under him, being as

as fit for Arms as Gallantry, of a great Spirit, and excellent Wit, the moſt Brave, the moſt Generous and Magnificent of Men: He loved the Chriſtians, and did them Juſtice; and entertained a Commerce of Civility with many Princes of *Europe*. He ſent and receiv'd Preſents every Year to and from the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*; in a word, no Lord of that Countrey ever carried himſelf better, and had more Merit and Reputation than he: Some reſemblance of this Splendor may yet be ſeen in the Perſon of *Mahomet Lapſy* his Son; he had inclinations worthy a great Lord, as he was, and the Soul of a Man truly Generous, and of Eminent Virtue.

The *Baſſa* was charm'd with admiration at the Wit of the Count, extreamly pleaſed with his Converſation, and ſometimes paſt three or four hours in familiar Diſcourſe, ſitting on his Bed. He was chiefly ſurprized to find his Apprehenſion ſo clear, and Knowledge ſo general, that what Subject ſoever he choſe to Diſcourſe of he ſpoke of to admiration. This made the *Baſſa* ſpeak of him to his Friends with

with ſo tender affection, and ſo much to his Praiſe, that he gain'd him the Eſteem and Amity of all the principal Lords of the Kingdom, who came to ſee him, and made him Preſents according to the Cuſtom of the Countrey.

The *Baſſa*, by many Illuſtrious marks and clear diſcoveries, was induced to believe the Count a Perſon of no ordinary Quality, but did not think fit to queſtion him on that point; and had no further knowledge of him, than that he was an *Italian*. Nor durſt the Count acquaint him with his Condition, fearing, the knowing of it might make his Enlargement the more difficult: But after ſo many favours from the *Baſſa*, he could not in gratitude conceal himſelf from a Perſon who had Obliged him ſo highly, and to whom he did owe more than his Life. Therefore being askt by the *Baſſa*, whether his Parents were living, and why he writ not to them: *Sir*, (ſaid he) *I ſhould be the baſeſt of Men, ſhould I ever forget the Obligations you have put upon me, nor could I be guilty of a greater diſhoneſty, than to be prevail'd upon*

upon by fear, or any other conſideration, not to pay you what I owe you. I confeſs, (and I hope you will Pardon me,) that I ſcrupled to make a full diſcovery of my ſelf to you, for fear my Captivity might be the harder, my bondage more ſevere, and my Liberty valued at a higher rate: but having found you ſo generous, I cannot, after the favours you have heaped upon me, the Rights you have over your Slaves, by forbearing to tell you, I am a Perſon of Quality, of one of the beſt Families of Rome; *that my Name is* Count Alexander, *and that if ever you reſtore me to my Liberty, I muſt pay you my Ranſom with moſt grateful acknowledgments of your kindneſs and favours.*

The *Baſſa* ſmil'd, and with much tenderneſs anſwer'd, *Alexander, you ſhall not fare the worſe for your diſcovery to me; I am no Merchant of Slaves, nor did I buy you to ſell you again: You are free, and ſhall live with me in this Countrey as if you were in your own, with one of your Friends: And if I detain you here a little longer than perhaps you would wiſh, it is becauſe I can hardly part with one for whom I have ſo high an eſteem, and ſo cordial affection.* To theſe he added

added other expreſſions of Kindneſs, which were joyfully received by the Count, and diſpelled all his grief for the loſs of his Liberty.

As ſoon as he had recovered his ſtrength, the *Baſſa* made him partake of his Pleaſures and Divertiſements, in Hunting, Walking, Horſe-race; in all which the Count appeared Eminent above others, and became more Famous than ever any Chriſtian was in thoſe Parts; every conſiderable Perſon was ambitious to viſit him, and took pleaſure to ſee, and to treat him, which is a ſpecial favour to thoſe of their Countrey, much more to one who profeſs'd a Religion, to which they are open irreconcileable Enemies. Hence you may obſerve the power of Merit, and how irreſiſtible are influences of a Fortunate Deſtiny. The eſteem the *Baſſa* expreſs'd publickly for him, contributed much to all theſe advantages; but you are to conſider his Perſon, and the ſweetneſs of his Temper, and candor of his Actions as the effectual means for gaining him Amity, and that which won him the Love of the moſt Excellent Perſons.

But

But notwithſtanding his Illuſtrious Acquaintance, and agreeable Divertiſements, the Honours and Favours he daily received, he could not forbear wiſhing with ſighs for a return into *Europe*. He lived as one free, but was really a Slave to the Affection of the *Baſſa*, from which he thought his deliverance more difficult, than from Fetters and Chains. His Wit and Inclinations were not for the Men of that Countrey; he loathed, and was weary of them: The *Turks* have a good ſenſe, and will reaſon well enough of the Affairs of the World, and are great and ſubtile Polititians; but for Wit and good Breeding, they know not what it is; their Converſation is barren, and conſiſts more in the ſmoak of Tobacco than Excellent Diſcourſe: Their Knowledge is ſmall, having ordinarily no advantage of Reading or Travel. The *Baſſa* alone had more Wit, and more Reaſon than the reſt altogether; but his Employment in the State engaging him in a thouſand indiſpenſible Affairs, would not allow him to be always with *Alexander*, who in the mean time paſt his

his Melancholy hours in the Garden of the *Seraglio*, where he had the priviledge to walk, being a retired and very pleasant place, and that wherein he took great delight. But alas, how different were these days from those at *Rome!* the *Italians* are naturally apt to be Melancholy, and this Solitude made the Count so: The *Bassa*, who loved him sincerely, and passionately wished to have him always in good humour, was troubled to find him sad and dejected; but having often enquired the cause, could not obtain farther satisfaction, than that it was an effect of his Temper: He had furnished him to excess with all that Countrey could afford for the Pleasures of Life, and could not imagine the cause of the grief, but fancied at last that to compleat his Divertisements, *Alexander* might want the conversation of a Woman. The *Bassa* being a Person much given to Gallantry, was the more easily inclined to believe he had found the true cause of his Melancholy. And looked upon it as no incurable Disease, but presently resolved to find out a Remedy, by

by furniſhing him with a Miſtreſs, which was a high ſtrain of complaiſance in a Perſon of his Character; but there were no limits to the Love he had for his *Alexander*.

The Law of *Mahomet* is very ſevere in this Point, againſt Perſons of another Religion, though very indulgent to thoſe of his own. Thoſe who fall into the hands of the *Turks*, and will make love to their Women, are under the neceſſity of changing their Religion, or Burning: theſe Extremities are hard, yet of the many Chriſtians reduced to thoſe ſtraits, I know not one who hath thought Martyrdom ſo charming, as not to prefer Circumciſion before Burning: the *Baſſa*, though no zealous obſerver of the Law, was willing however to avoid the Scandal that might follow if the Intrigue were diſcovered, and therefore deſign'd to marry him to a Chriſtian. There was with the *Sultaneſs* his Wife, an *Italian Slave*, a young Maid of good quality, lovely and witty: it was not long ſince the *Baſſa* had been in love with her, but without any ſucceſs: whether it proceeded from the reſpect

ſhe bore to the *Sultaneſs* her Miſtreſs, who loved her intirely, or from ſcruple of Conſcience in point of Religion, with which ſhe excuſed her ſelf, certain it is, his addreſſes were vain; and after three Months eager perſuit of his deſign, being not accuſtom'd to ſo much reſiſtance, he quitted her, and caſt his eyes on other leſs difficult conqueſts: he hoped that one Chriſtian with another might have better ſucceſs, and that *Alexander* being very lovely, and young, needed only to ſhew himſelf for gaining the love of a Maid of his Country, profeſſing the ſame Religion with him: he endeavour'd to diſpoſe her for the purpoſe, by raiſing in her an eſteem for the Gallant he provided her: he had often ſpoken of him in the Chamber of the *Sultaneſs*, where *Laura*, the Slave we are diſcourſing of, did conſtantly attend.

And having formed the deſign, he ſeldom entertained them with any thing elſe, but *Alexander did this*, or *Alexander ſaid that*; of which he gave them ſo pleaſant Deſcriptions, that he could not fail of making ſome impreſſions

preſſions of love for him in a Woman, though never ſo little ſuſceptible.

The Count knew nothing of all theſe good Offices; the *Baſſa* ſmiling ſometimes at his ſadneſs, would tell him, he ſhould ſhortly ſee him in a different humor. One having diſpoſed all things on *Laura*'s ſide, (who had told him, ſhe would not be diſpleas'd to ſee this Chriſtian) he took him into the Garden of the *Seraglio* to walk, and after a turn or two, asked him if he had ever been in love. The queſtion did very much ſurprize him, apprehending, that being among a People naturally ſuſpicious, the *Baſſa* might perhaps have had ſome Jealouſie of him, though he could not imagine the cauſe. But to diſabuſe him, he held it neceſſary to affect great indifference in the buſineſs of Women, and (the truth is) to that day he had not been in love. And though it were ill courtſhip to the *Baſſa*, who was an admirer of Women, to tell him he had never been in Love; yet he choſe rather to commit a ſolæciſm in courtſhip, than to give him the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpition. The *Baſſa* adviſed him to

have a care of himself, left Love should one day be revenged of him, and told him, he despaired not of seeing him a Lover in *Barbary*: *You are*, said he, *handsom and witty, and there are here, as in* Europe, *dangerous Ladies, who perhaps may have designs on your liberty; and you are not yet got out of* Tunis: This Discourse unexpected, and spoken with such an Air, so troubled the *Count*, he knew not what answer to make. The *Bassa* much pleased at the disorder he had put him to; *What*, said he, *doth Love appear so terrible to you, that you dare not encounter it? can a Man of your bravery be afraid of a Passion? Recollect your self, and think it not so dreadful here as in* Italy; *you arm your* Cupid *with weapons of War, we dress ours with Flowers; nothing is less cruel than Love among the* Turks: *our Women are kind, and good natured, and never are the cause of any mans death by coyness and disdain, the sole difficulty is in getting a sight of them; gain but that point, and nothing can be more easie than the rest: your Ladies are scrupulous and shy of shewing favour to their Lovers, and ours make a conscience of*

seeing

seeing their Languish: it is not so odious to be fond and coming with you, as 'tis to be cruel and insensible here. We follow in the first place the Law of nature, preferring it to Mahomets, *as being Men before we are* Mussulmans. *We held our selves obliged to pay kind regard and affectionate tenderness to Female Beauty, and expect from it a return of complacency. And those who approve not these* Maxims, *we esteem unworthy to taste the pleasures of Love. I know that in* Europe *you use this Passion an extraordinary way, making that Martyrdom which should be a delight; but I would fain know, what the design of that Woman can be, who sees a man every day on his knees at her feet, sighing for that which she also desires, and it may be, more passionately. Why then must he be tormented? Why so many sighs, why so many tears expected from him, when the passion of both Sexes is equal, if that of the Female may not pass for the greater?*

The Count having in this time recollected himself, answered; *I believe, Sir, that in Love as in other matters every one may have his particular fancy, and different* Maxims *for conduct: but if I,*

who was never in Love, may be allow'd to deliver my opinion of it, I conceive that Men born under a Law, are insensibly disposed to bear it with ease. And I dare confidently affirm, there is more sweetness, and charming delight in the torments we endure in our way of Loving, than in those easie pleasures that cost you nothing: think not, Sir, those torments so cruel as our Lovers represent them; they aggravate them only to affect their Mistresses the more, and to make them more sensible. It would certainly surprize you to hear them cry, Increase, O love, Increase so sweet a pain: *their sufferings are pleasures.* The *Bassa* was so charmed with hearing him speak, that he would not interrupt him, so that he proceeded, *What satisfaction can you find in a Love that is fulsom and dull, without any pique to make it poynant, and season it for relish? What divertisement to be expected from an innocent* Cupid, *a Child without wit, without waggery, that permits you to do in all things as you please?* The *Bassa* could not forbear laughing, and told him, that to make him believe that Love the most charming, that made him suffer most, he must

muſt make it appear by trial in himſelf by being in Love, enduring with pleaſure all the torments he ſpoke of: *Sir,* ſaid *Alexander, I was never in love in my Country, where you know we have freedom of living, and Liberty of converſe with the Female Sex; it is not probable then I ſhall fall in love here, where we are not allow'd ſo much as a ſight of them: means may be found,* replied the *Baſſa, to ſatisfie you in that particular if you deſire it. I do not conceive it for my advantage,* ſaid the Count, *to thruſt my ſelf into the fire to try the experiment, or to change my Religion. No, no,* ſaid the *Baſſa, it is with a Chriſtian I would have you acquainted, and one in my judgment very beautiful, and not unworthy your ſighs: had I been of your mind, and like the Lovers of your Country, taken pleaſure in being vext and tormented, my buſineſs might have been done. She made me pine for her above three Months, till weary of a Miſtreſs that had ſo little ſenſe of my pain, I betook my ſelf to others that were more of my humour; her beauty and wit will certainly charm you, and you may find her as haughty, as fierce, as cruel as you can wiſh: it may be difficult*

to have a ſight of her, as being with the Sultaneſs, *who, ſince ſhe knew the inclinations I had for her, would never permit her to ſtep out of her Apartment: but I'le bring you thither diſguiſed as an Eunuch; there is no other way of entrance for you into the Seraglio: and you are ſo young, that by Night you may paſs for an Eunuch without any ſuſpicion.* The Count gave him a thouſand thanks for the favour, not but that he could have been very well content to have been without it, having no great deſire to engage himſelf in Acquaintance in a Country where he would tarry as ſhort time as he could; yet in complaiſance to the *Baſſa*, and of Curioſity to ſee a Slave the *Baſſa* repreſented ſo beautiful, he accepted this offer with ſome kind of joy.

The fourth Prayer being over, he came to his Patron, being the time he uſually went to the *Seraglio*: And having taken the Habit of an *Eunuch* provided for him there, he waited on the *Baſſa* to the Apartment of the *Sultaneſs Laura*, who had notice of their coming, waited their entrance; the

the *Bassa* came smiling up to her, and whispered her in the Ear, that he had brought her an Eunuch, who could tell her News out of *Italy*; pray'd her to have a care of him, and to use him as a Person he lov'd entirely. *Laura* fell a laughing, and answered, she doubted not but the Eunuch should give him a good account of his Reception. The Count, though Disguised, was so easie to be known, that, had the *Bassa* said nothing, his good *Mien* had discovered him: No Eunuch, no *Turk* had so good an air. She gave him her hand to lead her into a Chamber, where they should not be exposed to their view who past by. *Sir*, said she, *I know not what thanks to give the* Bassa *for the favour he hath done me, to afford me a sight of you, no man being allowed entrance here but himself, and the Eunuch whose Habit he hath caused you to take. I cannot impute it to any thing but the extraordinary affection he hath and daily declares for you.* *'Tis true, Madam*, answered the Count, *the kindness of the* Bassa *to me is extream; but either of us have reason to be concerned how to thank him, (as he very well de-*

ſerves) 'tis certainly I, for the favour he hath procured me; yet I could wiſh I were not wholly beholding to him for it, but that (as he would have me believe) you had a hand in it. Sir, replyed *Laura, I ſhall tell you no lye, I have made it ſufficiently known to you, I deſired this favour from him. He told us things ſo glorious of you, and related them ſo much to your advantage, you may eaſily believe, I (who, for three years I have been here, have not had the Liberty of Converſe with any Man) could not but deſire acquaintance of a Perſon ſo generally eſteemed. Madam,* ſaid he, *this Country hath been favourable in allowing me a Reputation, which perhaps I may find difficult to maintain in your Opinion. You need not fear that,* reply'd *Laura, your Mien confirms ſufficiently the reports that have paſt of you. But to change the Diſcourſe, do you know, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, that ſometimes 'tis dangerous in a Nation like this, to make your ſelf ſo much the ſubject of Diſcourſe; if not on the Mens account, yet certainly on the Womens, who fall in Love meerly on report, without a ſight or knowledge of the Party:* The Count anſwered ſmiling, *Madam, there is no danger,*

danger of your being of the number of those kind-hearted Ladies, I am not so Fortunate. And why, said she, *might not I be one, who have so long'd for a sight of you: but to lose no more time, I must tell you, your Fortune is better than you think; and I do that for another, which perhaps I would not have done for my self. The desire of seeing a Man is here reputed a mighty advancement of Love, where to see and to agree are all one. But I have undertaken this affair, and made the* Bassa *believe I have very favourable thoughts of you. And to satisfie your Curiosity of knowing the Party for whom I have so much complaisance in store, it is for the* Bassa's *Lady, Madam* Alhie *the* Sultaness: *The confidence she is pleased to repose in me is so great, that she hath entrusted me with this Secret, and my kindness for her should not admit one moments scruple doing her this Service. I cannot doubt but you have heard of her beauty; never was any so famous in this Kingdom, nor perhaps in the World, more worthy admiration: And as for her temper, 'tis the sweetest and most lovely that can be imagined. The first view you have of her, will perswade you she*

hath

hath an inclination to Love, so tender, so languishing in the air of her Countenance. And though this be natural to the Women of this Country, and that the first thing they are taught, is to sigh, and appear languishing, yet I have not observed those weaknesses in her but on your account. To deduce things from the Original, I must inform you, that when the Bassa returned from Constantinople, having dispatched the Affair depending there between him, and the King, and Divan of this place, and being confirmed by the Grand Signior in the Offices his Father had left him, which they had disputed; the King, in order to Reconciliation, was advised to give the Bassa his Daughter in Marriage. Alhie was then Sixteen Years old, and her beauty at the height; though at this day in my judgment, no man that sees her, but must be in Love with her. These Marriages of Policy and State-interest, to which the Daughters of great ones are subject to be Sacrificed, seldom prove Happy. The Bassa Espoused Alhie, and perhaps loved her a Week, but after that returned to his former Engagements, and for ordinary beauties quitted the greatest of the Kingdom. 'Tis true, it often happens

thus

thus in this Country, where Men abhor loving by Duty and Obligation, and commonly love Mistresses better than Wives: but this Lady, in my Opinion, ought to have been excepted, as wanting nothing requisite to satisfie the Passion of any reasonable Man; but she is as unfortunate as others. The Bassa, though otherwise a Person of much Gallantry, visits her scarce once in a Month; yet he pays her all the Respect in the World, and she hath no cause of complaint but of his Love; but take love from Marriage, what signifies the rest? What a trouble it is to a Young Lady, who knows her own merit, to see her self slighted in that whereof she is most sensible? A Lady who would think her self happy in being below'd, and thinks she deserves it: you must be a Woman before you can comprehend the rigor of this usage, and the greatness of her misfortune. But to come to what concerns you; the Sultaness hath ever had a great inclination for Christians; and the greatest pleasure she takes, is, in stories she makes me tell of my Country, which surprize her so (especially when I speak of the freedom Men have there with Women) that she hath a thousand times wished her Fortune

tune had been as mine, and that she had fallen into the hands of a Christian, who would have carried her into that Country. 'Tis certain, a Woman had better be a Slave with us, than free among the Turks, where their Life is nothing but a perpetual Slavery. The Adventures of Love and Gallantry have pleased her so well in the relation, that she longs for a sight of one of those I called Persons of Quality and Merit, who were so Gallant and Handsom, as I represented. You were no sooner arrived, but she came with great joy to tell me, the Bassa had newly bought a Christian, of whom they spoke Wonders. I fell a laughing, and ask'd if it were not such a one she had often wish'd for her Slave. She blushed, and turning about with a sigh, answered, who knows what may happen, and whether Fortune hath not designed him for me. She made me her Bedfellow that Night, to entertain her on that subject. On the morrow the Bassa having confirmed the Reports of you, and commended your Person, she and I for several days had no discourse but of you. The kindness she hath for me, makes me somewhat familiar with her; nor do we very strictly observe here our distance towards

wards great ones; this made me sometimes take the Liberty to quarrel with her for the longing she expreſt for a Man she had not seen. I confeſs, said she, this were falling in Love a little too soon, if we managed our Love as the Chriſtians do theirs. But the Baſſa *having made such a deſcription of this Man, there is not a Woman in the Kingdom who would not have had a greater Paſſion for him than I have expreſt. And you may believe he would not have ſpoken ſo much in his praiſe before the meaneſt of his Empreſſes; but though he ſlight me ſo, that he cares not what I think, my affections are free. You would eſteem your ſelf happy, Madam, said I, to have ſuch a Chriſtian in Love with you. More happy,* reply'd she, *than you can imagine. And I will aſſure you, I could willingly change the ſtate I am in, for the condition of a private Chriſtian Lady: What good does it me, to abound thus with Riches, to receive ſo much Honour, to be the Daughter of a King, and the Wife of a* Baſſa, *if I cannot be content, nor do as I would, nor love where love is due? In a word, if I am nothing leſs than I am taken to be, but*

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a Slave more unhappy than those under Chains. Poor Laura (*said she, embracing me tenderly*) *how I pity thee, who hast tasted the Pleasures and Liberty of thy Country, and hast unhappily fallen into their hands who use so unworthily all sorts of Women.*

With such discourses as these did we entertain our selves ever since they spoke of you at Tunis. *The* Bassa *came oftner to visit the* Sultaness, *though we knew not the reason; and almost every day brought us the News of you: And, as he loves you entirely, took pleasure in relating every thing you did. Perhaps, had he known the favourable inclinations the* Sultaness *had for you, he had been more sparing in his expressions of you, for I cannot believe he designed to prejudice himself in speaking obligingly of you. But it was an oversight, and most unpardonable in him who so well knew the temper of Women of this Country: Judge you whether so good a report from so good a hand could want its effect. The* Sultaness *was affected with them so much to the purpose, that what at first was a bare inclination, grew up by degrees to a settled Passion. Her humour was suddenly chang'd from*

Merry

Merry and Jocund, into Sadneſs and Melancholy; and I, who alone knew her Diſtemper, could not but pity her ſighs and complaints, and was extreamly afraid ſhe might fall into a Diſeaſe, which they call Fantaſie, and is a kind of Melancholy that proves Mortal to many Men and Women of this Country. I did my endeavour to cure her of this Paſſion, by repreſenting to her all the obſtacles in her way to the happineſs ſhe deſired. But my Remedies came too late, I did but trouble her to no purpoſe, having ſaid to her ſelf all that I could poſſibly ſay to divert her from the affection ſhe had taken: So that deſpairing of Remedy on that ſide, I apply'd my thoughts another way, and flattered her hopes of bringing that to paſs, which I could not diſcover the leaſt poſſibility to effect. But to prevent the growth and increaſe of her Diſtemper, it was neceſſary to deceive her by flatteries and hopes. At laſt, I know not how it fell out, that the Baſſa *having ſpoken of you to me two days ago, as he frequently does when he finds me alone, I told him, I ſhould be very glad to ſee you, if it might be done without noiſe and ſcandal: I was extreamly aſtoniſh'd how eaſily he promiſed it:*

it: And you may believe I had not waited here for you, but that I very well knew him a Man of his word.

The Count having hearken'd to all this discourse with marvellous attention, and thanked *Laura* for all her good Offices, and answer'd all her obliging expressions in behalf of the *Sultaness*, discovered to her the *Bassa*'s design, and the reason of his being brought thither; *Laura* was ravished to hear his discourse, and though she foresaw her concern in the Affair was like to be small, yet she was pleas'd with the News she received, being willing to sacrifice all Interests of her own, to the satisfaction of her Lady. *But, Sir, to tell you all,* said she to the Count, *having paid my thanks to the* Bassa *for the favour I was in hopes of from him, I went presently to bring the News to the* Sultaness, *who could not sufficiently embrace me, being so extreamly transported, that nothing in the World could have made her more joyful; she hath scarcely been able to sleep ever since: she and I have laid a hundred designs, and framed to our selves a thousand devices how she may have a sight of you: but if*

the

the Baſſa *will not permit you to come alone hither, I do not ſee how it may be effected: the* Sultaneſs *in the mean time will be raviſhed with joy that I have ſeen you, and that you know ſome part of her mind.*

The happy *Roman* being charmed at the kindneſs a Lady of that beauty and quality had for him, was very urgent with *Laura* to oblige him on this occaſion, and preſs'd her to ſay to the *Sultaneſs* from him, all that a heart extreamly ſenſible of the favour ſhe did him, was capable to expreſs. That he would have eſteem'd himſelf the happieſt of men, had it been in his power to have merited this honor, and that it ſhould be the buſineſs of his life, to deſerve it by his actions. *Sir*, reply'd *Laura*, *all ſhe deſires of you, is that you will ſo manage the Liberty the* Baſſa *doth afford you, that ſhe may once have a ſight of you: I find my ſelf engaged to it by ſo many reaſons,* ſaid the Count, *that you may be aſſured I will not forget any thing that may gain this honour: I muſt intreat you to aſſure the* Sultaneſs *accordingly, and that I have at leaſt as much paſſion as ſhe.* He had no

ſooner

ſooner ſaid this, but the *Baſſa* came to them, which made them change their diſcourſe, and the *Baſſa* having condeſcended to make himſelf one of the company, and very pleaſantly rallied; then ſaid, he perceived by their countenances they were obliged to him for the acquaintance he had procured between them, and that they were very well pleaſed one with the other: the Count and *Laura* having returned the complement, the *Baſſa* took his leave, and he and the Count went out of the *Seraglio*.

The *Baſſa* had obſerved ſuch joy in *Alexander*'s countenance when he was with *Laura*, it made him believe he was very well pleaſed with the viſit he had given her. But he had the curioſity to ask him how he liked her; and whether ſhe appeared ſo beautiful as he had repreſented her: the Count anſwered, it was certainly impoſſible to ſee a Lady more handſom, or more witty: and that he was charmed at her Beauty and Converſation. The *Baſſa* who deſired nothing more than to ſee him in Love, was extreamly glad at the confeſſion he made; and told

told him it ſhould be his fault, if he ſaw her not again; and, if he deſired, he might do it on the morrow, that he would give him a Key to enter the *Seraglio*, and that he might go alone; leſt if he brought him in, the *Sultaneſs* might be jealous: it being not his cuſtom to viſit her ſo often, the Count failed not to acquaint him how highly that favour would oblige him; ſo that the *Baſſa* bid him go to bed, and take his reſt, and told him he ſhould ſee *Laura* on the morrow about the time he had ſeen her that day.

Never was a night ſo reſtleſs to any man, as this to the Count, her inclination, like that he had to marriage, with the principal and moſt beautiful Lady of the Kingdom, was a thing ſo rare, and ſo tempting for a Man of his temper; what *Laura* had ſaid of thoſe obliging thoughts that charming Perſon had for him, did ſo raviſh him with pleaſure, that in the depth of misfortune he could not imagine any man more fortunate than himſelf: But when he conſidered, that ſhe was the Wife of the *Baſſa*, a Perſon to whom he was ſo ſtrictly obliged, he

was

was troubled extreamly, and ſigh'd for ſorrow; theſe ſecond thoughts prevailing at that time over the other, he highly reproached himſelf for entertaining a thought of ſo baſe an ingratitude. But it is a tickliſh buſineſs to repent of a thing that extreamly delights us, and men ſeldom charge themſelves home for a fault ſo pleaſing and lovely, as the pleaſure of being beloved: thoſe reproaches of the *Count* againſt himſelf, were not altogether the moſt violent that might be, and ſometimes he would be angry with himſelf for making ſo much ado. At laſt, being aſſaulted by turns, on the one ſide by Reaſon, on the other by Paſſion, by the Glory of that, and the tenderneſs of this, he got up in the Morning, without having been able to take any other reſolution than to yield himſelf up to be guided by his Deſtiny, to be governed by Fate, and be meerly paſſive in the management of the buſineſs; that is to ſay, to love, in this particular, like a *Turk*, and to ſee the *Sultaneſs*, if it were ſo predeſtinated: but to do nothing in order to it, though he had promiſed *Laura* to con-

contribute on his part all that lay in his power, and had told the *Baſſa*, he ſhould be extreamly glad to go again to the *Seraglio*. His reſolution ſometimes was very tottering and weak, and to ſpeak truth, 'tis almoſt vain to take one againſt love: he wiſht a thouſand times that day, that his Fate to whoſe conduct he had given himſelf up, would incline to bring him to the *Sultaneſs*. He waited the hour with a great deal of impatience, however he would fain have perſwaded himſelf to the contrary: but a young heart cannot be inſenſible, being ſo apt to take fire, that it ſcarce requires any help to inflame it.

As ſoon as the *Baſſa* ſaw the Count in the Evening, he ſhew'd him (ſmiling) the Key of the *Seraglio*: and he received it with the greateſt joy in the World. *But I give it*, ſaid the Baſſa, *on condition that you make me your Confident. And I think I have done enough to engage you to do me that pleaſure.* The hour was come for his going to the *Sultaneſs*, and the Count having put on his Eunuchs Habit, his Patron every day more obliging than other,

would

would needs bear him company as far as the *Seraglio*; *Laura* having notice of his coming, had waited for him above an hour at the Gate, and no sooner saw him arrived, but raviſhed with joy, ſhe gave him her hand, and told him. *You are either the moſt dextrous, or elſe the moſt fortunate Perſon in the World: you bring about things ſo difficult, and in ſo ſhort a time, that all things ſeem to joyn in your favour: I am obliged for it to my fortune,* anſwered the *Count*; *for, as for Addreſſes I had no occaſion to uſe any, but if you would make me believe my ſelf as happy as you ſay, help me to a ſight of the* Sultaneſs. *Laura* told him, he ſhould preſently hear of her, and brought him into a Chamber, where her Lady was uſed to receive viſits. It was her cuſtom to ſeat her ſelf in a kind of *Alcove*, the paſſage to which, was through her Chamber, made up with great *Balliſtres* guilt, and covered with a Curtain of very thin Silk, through which ſhe could ſee thoſe whom ſhe honoured only with a ſight of her; which is a piece of State uſed in that Country.

Laura

Laura told the Count, that the *Sultaneſs* would ſee him from behind that Curtain. *And ſhall not I then*, ſaid he, *have the honour to ſee her. I know not*, ſaid *Laura*, *but 'tis a favour ſo great, that 'tis never granted but when they are willing to grant all that may be expected: Ah Madam*, ſaid the Count, *I beſeech you to deſire that favour for me; tell her it will be of ſmall conſequence to give a ſtranger a ſight of her, and that I ſhall die with grief if ſhe deny me that honour. Laura* promiſed him all the aſſiſtance in her power, and leaving him for a moment, went to advertiſe the *Sultaneſs*, who queſtionleſs longed for news of the arrival of her dearly beloved Chriſtian. In the mean time the Count conſidered the Riches and Ornaments of the Chamber, being the moſt magnificent of the Apartment, it was ſet out with four Chriſtal Glaſſes which had a pleaſant effect on the Gold and the Jewels which glitter'd all about: Scarce had the *Sultaneſs* ſeen *Laura*, but ſhe knew by her countenance the happy news ſhe brought; and without allowing her time to ſay any thing, ſhe paſt to the *Alcove*, from

whence she design'd to take a view of the Christian, before he should know that she was there. But she made too great a noise at her entrance, and the *Cavalier* let her know, he had perceiv'd her, by saluting her, as he did, after the Turkish mode: *Laura* arrived the same time from the other side, and going to the *Ballistre*, went to whisper the *Sultaness*, who was not able sufficiently to express the pleasure she took in seeing this Christian, and the Charms that appear'd in his Person. As for him, he was strangely perplext at a visit of this nature, where he could neither see, nor speak to the Party he visited. He went, he came, he turn'd about as desired, and at the end of the Shew, went silently to the *Ballistre*, and addressing himself to the *Sultaness*, having seen a shadow of her through the Curtain, he told her a thousand pretty Stories, a thousand Gallantries to oblige her to afford him a view, for she understood *Italian*, and spoke it pretty well, having learnt it of *Laura*. She was very well pleas'd to hear the *Count* speak, and heartily laught at it, but answered not a word, nor had the

Curtain

Curtain drawn. The *Count* was impatient, and accounting every moment loſt he ſpent in that manner, ſeem'd to fret and be angry, and in a frank and free way told her, he ſhould die of the Phantaſie, as the People of that Country, if ſhe denied him this favour, and that at laſt he would with his own hand draw that troubleſom Curtain: and he had certainly done it, if *Laura*, who fear'd the *Sultaneſs* might take it ill, had not hindred him. But *Laura* was miſtaken, and her Lady gave her not thanks for her pains.

'Tis a Maxim among the Women of that Country, not to ſin of themſelves againſt the Rules of their duty; but preſs them a little, and offer them the leaſt violence, they will preſently yield without any reſiſtance: their excuſe is, that nature is weak, that men know it well enough, and are very much to blame to preſs them ſo home: that if there be harm done, it muſt be laid to their ſcore, who cauſe them to do it, and not to them who are ignorant of it, and innocent in the buſineſs. *Laura* not well verſt in the

uſe of this Maxim, committed a fault, when ſhe thought ſhe had been diſcharging her duty. The amorous *Sultaneſs* would have been raviſh'd with joy to have been ſeen by the Chriſtian, and the officious Slave ſpoil'd all by a piece of uſeleſs diſcretion. But her Lady was willing to receive the miſcarriage, and ſatisfie in ſome meaſure the extream deſire her dear Chriſtian had to ſee her; ſhe gave him leave to ask what he pleaſed, to make him amends for the rigour of the cuſtom of that Country, which made it undecent for her Sex to ſhew themſelves to any but their Husband. The *Count* preſently deſired ſhe would at leaſt do him the honour of ſhewing him one of her fair hands: The *Sultaneſs* no ſooner heard him, but lifting up the Curtain a little, ſhe gave him her hand over the *Balliſtre*. The young *Count* was ſo charmed with this favour, that tranſported with joy, he laid his knee to the ground, and kiſſed her hand with ſuch paſſion; that the *Sultaneſs*, equally tranſported, wrung his hand, preſſing it ſo hard, to let him know ſhe approved of what he did.

She

She was not over careful to keep her ſelf unſeen; and having put forth her arm, ſhe could not chooſe, but ſometimes appear to him in part by one chance or other (to which perhaps ſhe contributed a little.) Her Gallant could have wiſh'd he had had a full ſight of her, but thinking he had enough for the firſt time, he would not adventure to deſire any more. The pleaſure the *Sultaneſs* took in the ſight of him, was ſo great, and ſo charming, that ſhe could have willingly paſt that night with him. But knowing that many eyes were upon her, and that ſhe lived where men are extreamly given to jealouſie, and eſpecially of their Wives, ſhe had apprehenſions of being Lampoon'd in her own Apartment for ſtaying ſo long in the *Alcove*, at a time ſo unſeaſonable for receiving a viſit. And *Laura* had told her, 'twas time to withdraw. But how cruel a thing 'tis to be forced to part from that which we love? it cannot be done without pain and regret. Still ſhe found ſome little pretence or other to ſtay him a little longer; at laſt ſhe preſented him with a Gold Chain

beset with Jewels, and told him obligingly it was not fit a Slave like him should wear any other. The happy *Count* better satisfy'd with this Chain, than if she had given him the Crown of *Tunis*, answered her Gallantry, and the favour she did him with the most passionate and the most grateful expressions imaginable. And seeing the necessity of parting, he took his leave of the *Sultaness*, and withdrew with *Laura*, who accompanied him to the Gate of the Apartment.

Presents among the *Turks*, are the first Evidences of affections, and often pass for declarations of love. *Laura*, who knew it well enough, made the *Count* sensible, before parting, what that meant which he had received from the *Sultaness*; and that he was not to doubt, having heard and seen so much of her, but she passionately lov'd him. Yet he was to take heed, and believe he had need of abundance of discretion, to deal with the Women of that Country, whose passion of love is sometimes so violent, that they observe no bounds; that the *Sultaness* was indeed the most rational she had known

known amongſt them, and had the moſt wit, yet tender and paſſionate as the reſt. That ſhe and he would be immurably ruined if the *Baſſa*, who had no ſmall experience in Amours, ſhould once have the leaſt ſuſpicion of the Intrigue. That there was not in the Kingdom a man more tender of his honour than he; and that all the kindneſs he had for him, would not ſave him from his indignation, if he once came to know he had ſeen his Wife.

As much taken as our young *Roman* was with the pleaſant beginnings of his Amours, and for all his rejoycings at thoſe evident kindneſſes he had received from the greateſt Beauty under Heaven, yet he could not forbear reflecting on *Laura*'s good counſels, but went muſing along the *Seraglio*, what courſe he ſhould take, what means he ſhould uſe againſt ſo dangerous a Paſſion, which would certainly bring him to ruin and confuſion. When the *Baſſa* going to one of his Miſtreſſes, met him by the way, and ſeeing him paſs by without ſo much as ſaluting him, he preſently fell a laughing, and taking him by the

arm. *Now*, said he, *I see that you are in love.* The Count being confounded at his surprizing him in that case, made excuses for his fault. The *Bassa* made answer, that if he desir'd to be pardon'd, he must freely confess the truth, and acknowledge himself extreamly disordered at the Merits and Beauty of *Laura*: *More Sir* (said the Count with a very deep sigh) *than you can possibly express or imagine.* But it being late, and the *Bassa* not willing to stay, he deferred the more particular inquiry to another opportunity, and dismiss'd him to his Lodging. This was a great happiness, and no less pleasure to the young Lover, who was not then in condition to give the *Bassa* an account of his Amours. Part of that night he pass'd walking in his Chamber, as if he had intended to come to a Resolution before he went to bed. It was not the fear of death, or misfortune that troubled him, but the horrour of ingratitude; and having received so much kindness from the *Bassa*, thought it inexcusable in him to have any unjust designs on his Wife: *But*, then says he, *should I not be the*

most

moſt ungrateful of men, ſhould I ſlight the affection of ſo charming a Perſon, to whom, if I conſider her Obligations according to their value, I owe more than to the Baſſa? *And is it not poſſible for me to ſee, and to love her within bounds, ſo as to be blameleſs on the one ſide and the other? No, no, if there be ingratitude in that, I cannot help it, there is nothing in the World can excuſe me to the* Sultaneſs, *and love ought to make my excuſe with the* Baſſa.

This was the laſt Combate between gratitude and love in the heart of the Count; the laſt carried the day, and going to bed thereupon, he reſted very well. The *Baſſa* who was extreamly deſirous to ſee him ſo deeply in love, that he ſhould not be able to deny it, was the firſt that ſpoke to him, to return again that day to the *Sultaneſs* Lodgings: he gave him the Key of the *Seraglio*, and laughing, told him, he need not make ſuch haſte to come back, if he found as much pleaſure as he wiſht him there: but that he muſt have a care, he did not engroſs all the love to himſelf, but he ſhould give *Laura* ſome part, unleſs he were minded to languiſh,

as he had done, a long time to no purpose.

The amorous *Italian* went straight to the *Seraglio*, and *Laura*, who waited for him, told him at his arrival, he might pass to the same Chamber he had been in, and that she would give her Lady notice of his coming; but she not having the patience of waiting so long, was got already into the *Alcove*. The Count having an extream curiosity, and longing for a sight of that place, thought it convenient for the purpose, to make use of that time, when he believed the *Sultaness* was absent; and coming up to the *Balliştre*, gently took up the Curtain. But how was he surprized to see on the sudden, that charming Person in a posture the most capable of any, to make one in love.

I shall not trouble you with a description of the *Alcove*, which being a Room of State for the Wife of so puissant a Lord, you may easily believe, was very noble and rich: It was raised a foot higher than the Chamber; the approach to it being by a space cover'd with a fair Turky Carpet, checkquer'd with

with little squares of Damask wrought with Gold. The *Sultaness* lay on a Bed of Damask of like work; and having design'd to shew her self that day to the Count, she had not forgot to put her self in an equipage and posture capable to charm him at first sight: she had turned her face towards the *Bulliften*, leaning her head carelessly on her left arm, which you might clearly see in her great Tiffany sleeve after the Turkish mode. Her black hair was partly pleated with great ropes of Pearl, parting down on her Breast, and part on her shoulders, and set off the clearness of her delicate Complexion (vying with the Snow in whiteness) to so much advantage, that it wrought wonderful effects in the beholder. She had about her body, a small Gold Bodice only, her bosom being half open, and the rest cover'd with a piece of fine Tiffany, like an Amazons Scarf: all was visible from her Neck to her Breast, and so admirable to behold, that it had been impossible for an eye, having seen it, (as the Count did) to escape being enamour'd of it: she had on her head,

plumes

plumes of several colours, and in the midst of them a crescent of Silver. Her Coat was of a light Stuff Imbroydered with Gold after the fashion of the Country, with Diamond Buckles to tuck it up at the knee: her Leg was half naked, and the rest covered with Buskins all laid over with Diamonds and Pearls; in a word, she was all so Rich, so Gallant, so full of Charms, that the poor *Count* was utterly undone at the sight. His joy and astonishment were visible to her in that confusion of action and words, in which he was so miserably plung'd, that he knew not what was become of himself, nor what he would say to her. But falling into an Extasie, and wholly swallowed up with admiration, his Eyes and his Sighs were Orators for him. The fair *Sultaness* as soon as she saw him, would, with a Handkerchief she had in her hand, have covered her face, and hid from him part of the confusion she was in. But the happy Lover, recovering courage by degrees, passing his arm betwixt the *Ballistres*, hindered her from it. *Once you might have had reason Madam*, said he, *to have kept*

kept from my ſight thoſe treaſures of love, as knowing full well that no man can ſee them without dying for love of them, but now 'tis too late to conceal them from me. I have ſeen more than any heart is able to bear, without yielding it ſelf; and it would be extream cruelty in you, not to compleat what is ſo happily begun. As the *Count* was ſpeaking to her in this manner, ſhe look'd upon him with eyes ſo tender and piercing, that ſhe ſeemed willing to execute what he deſired. The crafty Count having ſeiz'd one of her hands, (to which, as he look'd upon it, he gave a thouſand amorous kiſſes) by little and little drew it out ſo far on his ſide, with ſo feeble reſiſtance from the *Sultaneſs*, that ſhe came at laſt to lean her head on the *Balliſtre* juſt over againſt the head of the *Count*. Then it was, he had full liberty to take a view at his leaſure of thoſe Beauties that put him to amazement, and raviſhed him with ſuch joy as he had never before been ſenſible of. As ill luck would have it, the *Balliſtres* were ſo cloſe, that not any two of them ſtood half the head diſtance one from the other. How-

ever

ever the two Lovers meeting half way, made a ſhift to ſlip through a great number of Kiſſes, the moſt charming and ſweet that Lovers e're taſted. The *Count* being naturally bold, made one Liberty but a ſtep to another, and ſeeing what he was permitted to do, and the pleaſure ſhe took in it, he preſs'd his amorous temerity ſo far, that what he did may paſs for half an enjoyment. Till then their entertainment was made up of dumb engagements, a thouſand times more eloquent than the fineſt expreſſions in the World. Their eyes, their ſighs, their actions, their toyes had ſpoken a Language intelligible enough to perſwade both they loved one another intirely. They had no need of other converſation; yet, *Laura* arriving, they changed it a little, but they ſpoke before her the moſt tender, and moſt paſſionate things you can imagine. The *Sultaneſs* who had that confidence in her as to conceal nothing from her, was not troubled at her coming. But the *Count*, who took not ſo much pleaſure in theſe diſcourſes though very obliging, as in thoſe dumb entertainments, made

a ſign to *Laura* to take the other turn; at which the *Saltaneſs* ſeeming a little angry, let down the Curtain, and ſo faſtned it behind, that he could not take it up. But this being in Jeſt, and to provoke his Paſſion the more, her rigour was ſhort lived, and Peace preſently made more firm than ever.

The firſt favours give a priviledge for others, and a kind of right not only to hope, but demand them: The *Count*, to be reveng'd of his *Miſtreſs* for the piece of ſpite ſhe had done him, thruſt both his Arms between the *Balliſtres*, and embracing her on the ſudden, kiſſed her with that violence, that he forced Blood out of her lips. The *Sultaneſs* was ſo far from complaining of the rudeneſs of his Careſſes, that being charm'd with the pleaſure of them, ſhe carefully ſaved all the Blood on her Handkerchief to preſerve it as a Trophy to ſhew *Laura*, as a moſt ſenſible mark of the extream Paſſion her dear *Alexander* had for her.

Let me acquaint you by the way with a rarity of thoſe parts; that for a Woman to have been beaten by a Man

Man she loves, is esteemed in that Country a great evidence of affection to the party beaten. I confess such favours are somewhat rude, but 'tis the temper of the Country, and such is their custom: As for the Blood that came from the lips of the Amorous *Sultaness*, we may believe it proceeded from a transport of Love. With us, one may be bitten, but not beaten through extremity of this Passion; but blows exceed the limits of Gallantry, and that Woman must be an *African*, that loves to be so Courted. 'Tis a fashion will never pass in *Europe*, and though they use it sometimes, yet never to oblige Women, none of whom that I know of, were ever pleased with a bastinade. The rest of this visit having been spent in foolery and toys, though sometimes of much moment in matters of Love, I will not trouble you with the particulars. *Laura*, who was not far distant from the Lovers, appeared at the least sign of their pleasure to have her attend. The Count and the *Sultaness* bid each other adieu with the greatest kindness imaginable: And *Laura* brought him to the

the Door of the Apartment, so deep in Love, he scarce knew where he was. He went directly from thence to the *Bassa*, who instantly observed the visible change of the Count's former Sadness and Melancholy into a tender and languishing air; at which the *Bassa* taking occasion to laugh, said, *Well*, Alexander, *hath Love plaid his part well?*

Is it your pain, or your pleasure hath so charm'd you to day? I confess, Sir, said he *with a sigh, it is the pleasure I have met with; but pleasure, I fear, which may cost me much pain.* The *Bassa* believing, that to be the Confident of the Count's Passion, might be of some use, took him by the hand, and led him to the Garden, to take a turn in the Walks. He fell presently upon the subject of his good Fortune, and prayed him to tell him truly, how his Affairs stood. The Count having his Heart and his Fancy all full of Love, with very great ease gave him such a ravishing description of his tendrest affections, and painted the pleasures he had taken that Evening so much to the life, adding his sighs and exclamations

clamations, with geſtures and looks ſo eloquent and paſſionate, that he awaked in the Soul of the *Baſſa* the affection he had formerly for *Laura*, and lately laid aſleep. What care ſoever is taken to cure one of this Paſſion, ſtill there remains enough in the Heart of a Lover to ſet it on fire by the leaſt ſpark that falls on it. The inſenſibility and reſiſtance of *Laura* had not Ice enough in them to quench all the heat of the *Baſſa's* affection. She had only covered it with aſhes, to preſerve it the better againſt another time: Had the Count acted like a Politick Lover, he had eaſily foreſeen, how ticklish and dangerous a buſineſs it is, to make ſuch repreſentations before Perſons who are Amorouſly inclined; and eſpecially before a Man whom he had reaſon to conſider as a Rival, and in whoſe Power it was to diſpoſe of him as he pleaſed. But the truth is, that in ſpeaking thus of *Laura*, he thought he hazarded nothing of his own; he had really no kindneſs for her, but hoped to do his own buſineſs the better, in making the *Baſſa* believe that he lov'd her; which is

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the reason he did not carry himself in this with so much caution, as he would have done in another conjuncture.

The *Bassa* slept not that Night. *Laura* appear'd a thousand times more handsom and charming, in the description of the Count, than ever she had done in his Eye at full sight. He esteemed himself the most unfortunate of Men, not only for that he had quitted the pursuit, but had contributed so much to see her in the Arms of another: Hereupon jealousie presently possest him, attended with a train of spite, rage, and peevishness to torment him. What great shame, thought he, could ever happen to a Man as he was, who never found resistance from a Woman, than to have been slighted by a Slave, who was his dependent, and had yielded to another Slave as soon as she had seen him? For after the passionate relation *Alexander* had made, the *Bassa* made no doubt but all was concluded; he had fancies of this kind that troubled him extreamly: and if he did not then hate the Count, 'tis certain, he retained not for him that kindness he had formerly expresst towards him:

And

And as for *Laura*, though he was then more in Love with her than ever, he had a pique against her, and could not forbear reproaching her all Night, for her want of discretion in making greater account of a mans kindness, that could do her no Service, than of his, by whom she might have made her Fortune. These thoughts were followed by others concerning his Person. He accused himself of baseness, and weakness of Heart, to trouble himself with the thoughts of a Creature that so little deserved his esteem, or to intend to hinder the satisfaction of two Lovers, whose Love he himself had caused and promoted. All this notwithstanding, he went on the morrow with the Count to the *Seraglio*; but for no other end, but to observe the countenance of *Laura*, who surprized to see him come: *This is extraordinary, Sir*, said she laughing, *twice in one week: What will People say of it? As for you, said the* Bassa, *you will say no ill of it, I come in so good Company; and should others believe as formerly, that I come for love of you, you know 'tis not for my self, and there-*

fore

fore you are the more obliged to me. Laura very civilly thanked him for his goodneſs. They fell then all three into a little diſcourſe of Gallantry, wherein the *Baſſa* ſpoke ſo many kind things to *Laura*, that ſhe might underſtand part of that Amorous trouble he was in, if ſhe had miſtruſted it; but he delivered himſelf with ſuch an air, that his Complements, and kind Expreſſions were taken for meer effects of his good humour. But the *Baſſa*'s coming thither, being under pretence of ſeeing the *Sultaneſs*, he could not diſpence without giving her a Viſit; but he was not long with her, being not able to reſt till he return'd to the two Lovers, which he did with all the ſpeed in his power. He told *Laura* a thouſand things more obliging than formerly; and having highly careſſed her, gave her at parting ſuch a look, that if ſhe had made the leaſt reflection upon it, ſhe might have eaſily perceived the kindneſs he had formerly for her took fire afreſh with more vehemence than ever; but ſhe could not ſuſpect in the leaſt he would trouble her any more, after the kindneſs he had

had expreſt for his *Alexander*, and having been the inſtrument of the pretended Paſſion between her and the Count. She took all for Gallantry, and made it the ſubject of raillery with the *Sultaneſs*, to whom ſhe gave an account of all that had paſt with the *Baſſa*, and with *Alexander*. The fair *Turk* went that Evening to bed, ill ſatisfied with her fate, having been diſappointed of an Entertainment ſhe had expected, as pleaſant as that ſhe had received the day before from her dear Chriſtian; ſhe could not ſufficiently lament the unluckineſs of the Viſit given her by a man who Courted other Women, and ſeemed to have been born to incommode and give trouble only to her. *Laura* anſwered in raillery, She had little reaſon to complain of it to her, to whoſe complaiſance ſhe was beholding for a ſight of her Lover: *Ah* Laura, ſaid the *Sultaneſs, who knows for what reaſon he hath been ſo complaiſant? You may very well believe, it was not to oblige me. I believe ſo,* Madam, *replyed* Laura, *but you are obliged to him however, and ought to thank him for me.* After this little raillery,

raillery, they fell to diſcourſe, what could have brought the *Baſſa* thither that evening; and could not imagine, but it was in Complement to the Count.

The *Baſſa* by this time was fallen into a deep Melancholy, ſeldom appearing, but when he walked in the Garden, ſometimes alone, and ſometimes with *Alexander*, and then not a word of *Laura*, nor any diſcourſe of going again to the Apartment of the *Sultaneſs*: This troubled our Lover, who beſides his affliction for being deprived of the ſight of a Perſon he loved better than his Life, and ceaſing to ſee her, muſt ceaſe alſo to live; had a thouſand tormenting ſurmiſes and troubleſome fancies upon the *Baſſa*'s change of humour, which he could not attribute to any thing but his having taken ſome umbrage and jealouſie of him, on the account of the *Sultaneſs*. The *Sultaneſs* and her Confident were no leſs tormented on the other hand; they had ſeen a firſt, a ſecond, a third, and a fourth long day paſs without a ſight of their *Alexander*: Lovers are very exact Accomptants,

tants, and keep reckoning of the very moments, but account nothing more tedious than a day of abſence. What ſhould be the meaning of all this, ſaid they one to the other, having a thouſand fears upon them, though they knew not of what: 'tis a difficult matter to keep any thing ſecret in places of that nature. Yet they could not imagine they had given any occaſion of diſcourſe, or that any Perſon in the Apartment had made the leaſt diſcovery of their Intrigue. At laſt, on the fifth day, after abundance of Affliction, the *Baſſa* came to ſee them; but, the miſchief of it was, that he came alone. Beſides, he appeared ſo dull, ſo muſing, and ſo much out of humour, they made no more doubt but he had ſmelt out the Intelligence they held with the Count. But that which gave them the killing blow, and raiſed their fears to the height, was, that *Laura* having, according to her cuſtom, waited the *Baſſa* out of the Chamber, and asked him, what he had done with her dear *Eunuch*? I am jealous of him (ſaid the *Baſſa*, making no ſtay) I need tell you

you no more: *Laura* made haſt to give her *Miſtreſs* the Alarm, and told her, there was no more doubt to be made, but jealouſie was the cauſe of the *Baſſa*'s not bringing *Alexander* with him, the *Baſſa* himſelf having told her ſo that inſtant; thoſe who are guilty, are eaſily frightned, and fear hath this property, that it ſo confounds the imagination, that the lighteſt ſuſpicions are taken for clear and unqueſtionable truths. With what ſighs, what tears did the poor *Sultaneſs* afflict her ſelf; yet not ſo much for the ill conſequences ſhe might apprehend from the jealouſie of the *Baſſa*, as for the fear ſhe had, that if he were really jealous of the Chriſtian, ſhe ſhould never have a ſight of him more. She did heartily wiſh ſhe could have written to him, but there are few truſty Meſſengers to be found in thoſe places, where there is cauſe to diſtruſt every one you converſe with; and every Eye that ſees you, is a ſpy on your actions, at leaſt if not gained by Money or Kindneſs, wherein, after all poſſible care, you may be deceived, as ſhe was in this trouble. *Laura* re-

ceived a Note from the Count, brought her by an *Eunuch*, and carried it forthwith to ſhew it the *Sultaneſs*, being in theſe words.

Madam, the Baſſa *every day more obliging than other, is pleaſed to grant me the honour of walking with you this Evening in the Garden of the* Seraglio. *I know not whether you can diſpenſe with your ſelf till then. Let us take the hour you think moſt proper. He will be there with one of his Miſtreſſes. Send me word, if you pleaſe, if I may expect this favour from you.*

The *Baſſa* would never have thought of this walk, but out of the extream deſire he had to know certainly, how *Laura* and *Alexander* ſtood affected one to the other; and that he might inform himſelf of what they ſhould diſcourſe. The Garden was a place very fit for his deſign, eſpecially by Night, where he could hear without being ſeen. He had made the propoſal to the Count, in confidence he would receive it with a great deal of joy, which in appearance he did, but without hope of any great ſatisfaction from the Adventure, it being ſcarce probable

probable the *Sultaneſs* would permit *Laura* to come. But that which really troubled him, was the opinion he had, the *Baſſa* was certainly jealous of his Wife, ſince he gave him ſo clear proof of his unwillingneſs that he ſhould ſee *Laura* at her Lodgings any more.

The Queſtion then was, how to write to the *Slave*, to diſpoſe her for the walk. But the Count having written the Billet, the *Baſſa* ſent it by an *Eunuch*, and ſtay'd for the Anſwer.

The *Sultaneſs* read the Billet, and was of opinion with her Gallant, that it was for Love of her the *Baſſa* was unwilling he ſhould come any more to ſee *Laura* in her Apartment. It was long ere they came to a reſolution in the point, whether *Laura* ſhould agree to the aſſignation: *Laura* very wiſely thought it better not to go, but the *Sultaneſs*, wholly led by her Paſſion, and too deeply in Love, to act any thing with reaſon that concerned her affection, notwithſtanding any thing *Laura* could ſay, made her write him this Anſwer.

It were to act the part of a very ill Perſon, to be all alone in the Garden, while

others are diverting themselves there: I consent for pity, to come and bear you company, but on condition that you will be wise, and that we be at some distance from the Bassa, *because I would not be known by her, that he brings with him. If you can promise me these two things, I am for you after the fourth Prayer, when the* Sultaness *is a Bed. Adieu.*

This Answer was beyond the expectation of the Count, who rejoyced extreamly at the pleasure he promised himself with the Slave, from the discourse of the *Sultaness*, while they should continue in the Garden.

Night being come, and the fourth Prayer over, the *Bassa* told him, he might go, and bring *Laura* to the Garden, while he went for one of his *Mistresses*, who was lodged on the other side. It is the custom of the Grandees of that Country, among a multitude of Women they have in their *Seraglio*, when they have not a particular inclination for any one, to take this to day, and another to morrow; and having lost the tast of Love, to search for Pleasure in change and variety.

It

It may be eaſily imagined, that *Alexander* received this Commiſſion with a great deal of joy, and was in no ſmall haſte to go to the *Sultaneſſes* Lodgings. She who was charmed at the ſight of him, could not expreſs her joy without a thouſand tranſports of Love, and the moſt tender careſſes a moſt paſſionate Lady could poſſibly make her deareſt Lover. *Alexander* did his part to admiration, not only returning tranſport for tranſport, and careſs for careſs, but excelling his pattern, Love working in him, or he in the *Sultaneſs* ſuch things as gave her very great ſatisfaction. It may be admired peradventure that two Perſons ſo little acquainted, ſhould in ſo few days become ſo very good Friends. But we muſt know, Love in theſe hot Countries makes far quicker progreſs than in the cold, where the Winds, and the Snow, and the Rain ſpoil his Wings, and hinder his flight: Whereas on the contrary, the Sun is there almoſt ſtill at the height, and Love being a tender Infant, and going always naked, thrives there the better, where he finds Hearts very well

diſpoſed, and ready to take fire.

The Count, who could not ſtay long there, was willing to beſtow the ſmall time he had to ſpend with the *Sultaneſs* in gentle reproaches for her permitting *Laura* to come and walk with him. You have, ſaid he, a very good opinion of my Affection, *Madam*, or elſe you love me with a great deal of indifference, that this does not in the leaſt trouble you at all. The *Sultaneſs* anſwered, ſhe relied not ſo much on his Fidelity, as on *Laura's* Diſcretion, whom ſhe knew too well, to think ſhe would betray her. Look you to your ſelf, as for her I place a confidence in her, and if you do your Duty, I am perſwaded ſhe will not be wanting in hers. Having thus ſpoken, ſhe would not detain him longer for fear of the *Baſſa*, but retired to her Chamber. The happy Lover, very well pleas'd with the lucky moment he had paſt with the *Sultaneſs*, asked *Laura* if ſhe were ready; She made him anſwer, he ſhould not ſtay for her longer than while ſhe fetched her *Barnus*, which is a kind of Hood that covers them from Head to Foot. The Count ſeeing her return

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muſied up in that Garment, went his way before, according to their cuſtom there, and ſhe followed: He ſaid not a word to her while they were in the *Seraglio*, for fear of being over-heard, and diſcovered; but being arrived in the Garden, where they had liberty enough, *Who will believe, Madam*, ſaid he, *but we made an Amorous aſſignation, being come to a place of Rendezvouz ſo fit for the purpoſe. And the* Baſſa *will not fail to think us the happieſt Lovers in the World. Laura* made him no anſwer, but kept on her way, till they came to the Bower that was aſſigned them at a convenient diſtance from the *Baſſa*'s, as *Laura* had deſired. The Count gave her his hand, and knowing very well every turn in thoſe Walks, which he viſited almoſt every day, he made her ſit on a ſeat of green Turf made for the purpoſe. *Then*, ſaid he, *this, Madam, is to try a mans Fidelity with a Witneſs, to expoſe him to paſs part of the Night in ſuch a place as this with a Lady ſo beautiful as you. Surely the* Sultaneſs *will hence-forward reſt aſſured of my Paſſion.* The Count made a pauſe, expecting her anſwer,

but not receiving a word from her, he proceeded, telling her, I thought we had not been so debarred the pleasures of an Assignation, but we might have enjoy'd that of discourse; but for ought I perceive, you mean to follow the fashion of *Turky*; & since 'tis a favour in this Country for a Woman to shew her self, or speak to a Man, you will deprive me of the one and the other: But while we are together, I pray let us live after the mode of our Country, which is far better than the *Turkish*. To do otherwise with me, were altogether too rigorous, and more, I believe, than you have promised the *Sultaness*, or she expects at your hands. Away, I beseech you, said he, taking her by the *Barnus*, with this useless Hood, and do me the favour to tell me some News of the *Sultaness*; or if you please, of the Adventures brought you hither, which from the day I first had the honour to see you, I have had an extream longing to ask you: This you will not deny me, if you think I may be any way useful to you, as I doubt not but I may, being your Country-man, and so well esteemed by the *Bassa*, as to be able to

do

do you ſome Service. All this Diſcourſe ſo obliging for *Laura*, ſhe heard, without replying a word, or quitting her *Barnus*, as he had deſired. The Count ſeeing this, preſſed her no further, but with more ſerious air ſaid, if you deſire, *Madam*, to paſs the Evening in this manner, it will be very unfortunate for me; but I muſt comply. And removing a few paces from her, he went and ſat him down in a corner of the Bower, where he continued a while without ſpeaking a word. The fair Lady fetched a ſigh, as if ſhe had been diſpleaſed at his quitting her. The *Count* laying hold on that occaſion to be even with her, took his turn of tormenting, in not anſwering her ſighs. At laſt ſhe came to him, took him by the Arm, and embraced him, with many grimaces, as if ſhe would have turned all into ridicule. The *Count* fell a laughing, and ſaid, *Madam*, I beſeech you be ſatisfied with the Sacrifice I make to Love, without trying my patience any further; let us, if you pleaſe, have a little converſation, but anſwer me when I ſpeak, for I do not love talking to my ſelf.

But all would not do; she laughed under her Hood, and took pleasure in vexing him. The Count at last growing impatient; This is too much, *Madam*, said he, and since you will needs laugh, I'le shew you a trick shall make you speak in spight of your Heart; having said so, he took her in his Arms, and not being able to take off her Hood, he used some Familiarities with her, would have forced speech from a Maid of *Laura's* Discretion and Modesty: But the Lady was still silent, and so little concerned, that she scarce made any resistance. At which the Count was extreamly surpriz'd, and after all the esteem he had for *Laura*, apprehended there might be a design in the business, and that he was abused: Then it was he did all in his power to get sight of her through a little glimmering of light that came into the Bower. Did the *Sultaness* know, said he, the liberty you allow me, she would give you no thanks for your silence, or your being shie of affording me a sight of you, which it seems you do to give me occasion to attempt greater matters,

ters, and deny me ſmall favours to grant me the principal. The fair Lady not able to defend her ſelf longer, quitted her *Barnus*, and having eſcap'd out of his hands, Ah, little Traytor, ſaid ſhe, is this the Fidelity you have promiſed me? Oh Heavens, *Madam*, ſaid he, is it you? It was the *Sultaneſs* her ſelf had taken *Laura's* place, and you may imagine what a pleaſant ſurprize this was to the Count, who could not on the ſudden otherwiſe expreſs it than by his exclamations; and running after her (who fled not too faſt) he overtook her at the Door of the Bower, and embracing her moſt tenderly, My dear *Sultaneſs*, ſaid he the ſecond time, is it you? Yes, anſwered ſhe (ſuffering her ſelf to be gently brought back into the Bower) it is I, who repent me already of what I have done for you who did not deſerve it. Did you think me ſo ſimple, to expoſe into the hands of another, that which I hold moſt dear in the World? Do not I ſee how ill it is truſting of you? Your Conſtancy was very tottering; it was at leaſt half overcome. And had *Laura*, the coun-

counterfeit *Laura* anſwered your offers, where would you have been? Never was Man more confounded than the *Count* at all theſe Reproaches: He made a free Confeſſion, but excuſed himſelf by her carriage towards him, alledging it impoſſible for any Man to have withſtood the attaques ſhe had made. At laſt, he carried the Cauſe, all was accommodated, an Agreement made, and Love ſigned the Articles.

To come in ſearch of a Gallant (as the *Sultaneſs* had done) into a Garden where ſhe knew her Husband was preſent, was an Adventure ſomewhat bold: And doubtleſs, there are many Women who will condemn her conduct as imprudent; but of thoſe who are in Love there, are few, who being in her place, would not take the ſame courſe. The *Baſſa*, though accompanied with a very Beautiful Perſon, paſt away time ſomewhat worſe than the Count: *Chabania* his *Miſtreſs* had (beſides Beauty) an excellent Wit, and a very taking carriage, which made her paſs for the moſt charming Perſon in the *Seraglio*.

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The *Baſſa* had formerly been deeply in Love with her; but Love for convenience is not very durable: Her Patron was not in an humour to Entertain her that Evening, and had not brought her with him into the Garden, but to ſerve for a pretence to colour other deſigns; ſhe apprehended as much, as ſoon as ſhe knew that *Laura* was in the Garden, which the *Baſſa* unluckily told her, thinking he might ſatisfie her in that point, by letting her know that *Laura* was deeply in Love with *Alexander*, in whoſe company ſhe was. But *Chabania* was ſo far from believing it, that ſhe preſently fancied *Alexander* to be no other than the *Baſſa*'s Confident in the affair, and that he had not brought *Laura* into the Garden but for his Maſter: ſhe had been formerly jealous of him, even to diſtraction, and I know not how it came to paſs the *Baſſa* was ſo overſeen, as not to have made choice of ſome other of his Women, who might have been more for his turn on this occaſion: She was at her wits end for the ſmall countenance he gave her; all the while he was with her ſhe had

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ſcarcely fewer words from him, and ſaw clearly his thoughts were wholly of *Laura*. This was vexation enough for a Woman in Love, who knows her ſelf handſom, and is high ſpirited withal. But that which put her into abſolute deſpair, was, that the *Baſſa* not able to obtain any truce from his jealouſie, having ſpent ſome time in her company, without any careſs, or giving her the leaſt evidence of kindneſs, though ſhe had more than once given him occaſion to ſhew it; told her, he had a longing deſire to go hearken, and know how the Chriſtians in the Bower entertained one another: ſhe made him no anſwer, but letting him go, ſhe the next minute after went another way towards the ſame Bower to obſerve the *Baſſa*, and ſee what he did there.

The Nights in that Country are very clear, eſpecially in Summer: the *Baſſa*, notwithſtanding all the caution he had uſed to poſt himſelf ſecurely near *Alexander*'s quarter, under the favour of the Hedges that covered his approach, was perceived by the counterfeit *Laura* in the Bower. She had diſco-

diſcovered him by his ſhadow, and having made her lover aware of it, he preſently went out, and ran to meet the *Baſſa*, to intreat him not to come any further, but permit him to enjoy that moment of pleaſure he had been pleaſed to procure him. The *Sultaneſs* not knowing what wind had brought the *Baſſa* to that ſide of the Garden, and fearing he would come into the Bower, would not be perſwaded by any thing that *Alexander* could ſay to her, to ſtay after him in the Bower, but went preſently out to hide herſelf in ſome corner of the Garden, where ſhe thought ſhe might be in better ſecurity.

The mean time the jealous *Baſſa*, confounded at the diſcovery, and having loſt the opportunity of executing the deſign he had ſo unfortunately laid, ſuffered himſelf to be prevail'd upon by the intreaties of his Rival, and returned towards his Bower, as *Alexander* to his; where being arrived, he was ſufficiently amaz'd at miſſing the *Sultaneſs*, but thought ſhe had fled away for fear, which troubled him extreamly; but juſt as he was leaving the

the Bower to go in ſearch of her, he ſaw in the furtheſt and moſt retired part of it, ſomething that ſeem'd to have the ſhape of a Woman: then going up thither, and finding he had not been miſtaken, he fancied it only to be a trick of the *Sultaneſs*; this pleaſed him extreamly, and paſſionately imbracing her, *Madam*, ſaid he, *are not you very waggiſh? you would fain have made me run all about the Garden in ſearch of you:* She anſwered not a word, but getting out of his arms, ſhe went away briskly, and withdrew into another corner of the Bower: the Count was ſurprized at this manner of proceeding, being not ſo gentle as he expected from the *Sultaneſs*, who loved him ſo tenderly; but to undeceive himſelf as ſoon as he could, and to find out the cauſe of ſo ſudden a change, he went up to her the ſecond time, and taking her by the hand; *What may be the reaſon, Madam*, ſaid he, *that you run away, and hide your ſelf from me? there is no fear of the* Baſſa; *he is withdrawn to his quarter, and hath promiſed not to give us any further diſturbance.* But all this could not make her anſwer

anſwer a word; ſo that not knowing what to think of this rigour, he kneeled on the ground where ſhe was ſitting on a ſeat of green Turf, and kiſſing her hand, prayed her for loves ſake, to tell him the reaſon why ſhe ſeemed angry with him; he courted and imbraced her with great paſſion and tenderneſs, and ſhe as patiently took it, but at laſt perceiving her laugh a laughter very different from that of the *Sultaneſs*, he examined her more nearly, and knew by the difference of her ſhape, and her Cloaths, that he was miſtaken. It was inconceivable, what a trouble this put him in. He thought himſelf arrived in Fairy-land, to ſee the ſtrangeſt ſights in the World. That *Laura* had been changed into the *Sultaneſs*, was not ſo ſurprizing as pleaſant, but that the *Sultaneſs* ſhould be turned into another Woman, and perhaps a *Miſtreſs* of the *Baſſa*'s, this was the thing he could not comprehend: that which troubled him moſt, and extreamly diſquieted him, was the pain he was in, for not knowing what was become of the *Sultaneſs*; and the fear he had, the *Baſſa* might have met her-

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in the Garden, and known her: this moved him again to go out in ſearch of her, but *Chabania* (for it was ſhe he had miſtaken for the *Sultaneſs*) held him faſt by the ſleeve, and ſtaid him, telling him in the *Moors* Language, it was not fit for him to quit in that manner a Lady for whom he had already expreſs'd ſome affection. The Count underſtood not her language, prayed her to let him go for fear the *Baſſa* ſhould come, and be offended at his being with her. But all to no purpoſe, ſhe no more underſtood his *Italian*, than he her *Moreſque*, and was ſo far from letting him go, that ſhe would have made him ſit by her, that ſhe might revenge her ſelf on the *Baſſa* for the ſlight he had put upon her. During this little conteſt, which could not but be ſomewhat extraordinary between two Perſons who underſtood not one another, the *Sultaneſs* comes in quite out of breath, and throws her ſelf half dead into the arms of *Alexander*, who happened to be in a place ready to receive her. What frightful fancies had he then in his head? He preſently imagined they were utterly undone,

undone, and that ſhe had been diſcovered. But the *Baſſa* arriving preſently after, ſet him right again in ſaying, you run away *Madam*, ſpeaking to the counterfeit *Laura*, from a Perſon who wiſhes you no ill, nor intends you any; then turning towards *Alexander*, he was about to excuſe himſelf to him for breaking his word, but ſeeing *Chabania* ſtand by him, he ſuddenly altered both his mind and his Language, asking her in *Moreſque* what ſhe was come thither for. She anſwered him aloud, and gave him a thouſand reproaches for his unworthineſs and weakneſs in quitting her, to follow a Slave that run away from him. This was a very rare Scene, and the Dialogue not a little pleaſing to the *Sultaneſs*; but ſhe had not long to laugh at it, for *Chabania* being vext to the heart for the ſlight the *Baſſa* had put upon her, and for what he had ſaid to her before her pretended rival, flew like a Fury upon the *Sultaneſs*, with that promptitude and ſwiftneſs, that neither the *Baſſa*, nor *Alexander*, who would have ſtaid her, were able to ſave the counterfeit *Laura* from being

ing ſomewhat ill handled. The Count was touched to the quick at this outrage, and no conſideration of life or of duty, could have prevented him from having ſatisfaction, had not his fear of loſing the *Sultaneſs* prevailed more upon him than his reſentment. The *Baſſa* was as angry as he, and taking the enraged *Chabania* by the hand, he drew her ſomewhat rudely out of the Bower, and led her away.

The *Count* was no ſooner alone with the *Sultaneſs*, but embracing her tenderly, *Madam*, ſaid he, with a paſſionate tone, *what dangers have you gone through for love of me! what a cruel aſſault have you but now endured?* The *Sultaneſs* did nothing but laugh at the laſt adventure ſhe had been in, and told him ſhe took more pleaſure to ſee *Chabania*'s deſpair, (for whom ſhe had ever a natural averſion) than ſhe had ſuffered of harm by her outrage and violence. But ſhe confeſſed the ſame time, that ſhe was in extream perplexity when ſhe met the *Baſſa* ranging over the Garden in ſearch of that Woman, and that it was the higheſt piece of good fortune imaginable, that ſhe had

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her *Barnus* with her, to hide her ſelf in. She added that her dear Husband had ſaid to her a thouſand gallant things, and had done alſo ſome things a little extraordinary; but that it was her good fortune to be not far from the Bower, and to make her eſcape; ſhe told him further, that there remained no more doubt of the *Baſſa*'s being newly fallen in love with *Laura*, and that ſhe was very well aſſured of it by the kindneſs of his expreſſions, and the tranſports ſhe obſerved him in at this rencounter; that this was the true cauſe of all their alarms, and the reaſon why he brought him not into the *Seraglio* as formerly: The *Count* was of the ſame judgment, and both held it neceſſary to make good uſe of the occaſion, and that *Laura* who was to act the principal part, ſhould imploy her beſt addreſs and complaiſance in their favour.

The *Baſſa* taking ſmall pleaſure in the Garden after the unhappy ſucceſs of his amorous deſigns, having done his endeavour to pacifie *Chabania*, would bring her back to her Lodgings, and paſs'd by *Alexander*'s Bower, to let him

him understand it was time to with draw. The *Count* followed him immediately, being extreamly joyful to have come off so happily from a walk that had prov'd so full of adventures: He bore his dear *Sultaness* company into her Apartment, where he staid not long for fear of the *Bassa*, but withdrew to his lodging. He past the rest of the night very pleasantly, though he slept not at all; and the truth is, he had reason enough to be well pleased, though his Patron had not, who was more labouring under mortal afflictions: *Laura*, whom he now was more deeply in Love with than ever, put him in despair by her Rigours and Cruelties: if no more pity from her, then no more pleasure to be expected in his life. His great affection for *Alexander* could not keep him from being his rival, and wishing to share with him in the favours she did him. His passion was arrived at a point which is the highest of sufferings, that of not being loved: and when he thought of the opportunity he had let slip the night before, when he had *Laura* in his power, he was so cruelly vext,

vext, he could have found in his heart to be revenged of himſelf: yet he had no great cauſe to blame his diſcretion, for he had done enough, and unleſs he would have driven his Gallantry to the laſt puſh of all, he could not have done more. He was not willing to declare himſelf to *Alexander*, nor acquaint him with the thoughts he had newly entertained, as well to prevent the diſpleaſure he believed it would give him, as for that he conceived the *Count* might be of uſe to him in the deſign, and that the diſcovery might be to his prejudice.

In the Morning as ſoon as he was up, he went (as he ſometimes was uſed) to the *Count's* Chamber without any attendant, and found him in Bed: *A Man*, ſaid he, *muſt be as happy as* Alexander *in his Love, before he can ſleep as quietly as he.* If there be any, anſwered the *Count*, hath cauſe to commend his good fortune on that account, it muſt without doubt be a Perſon of your comlineſs and Gallantry, who to gain love, need no more than ſay you are in love. Yes, replied the *Baſſa*, with a ſmile, except it be to *Laura*, who

who hath made me very ſenſible that I can ſigh to no purpoſe, and that the maſter of her perſon may not be the maſter of her heart; It was neceſſary that *Alexander* ſhould come from *Europe* to *Africk* to make that Conqueſt: This, Sir, replyed the *Count*, may be an inſtance of the Vagaries and Extravagancies of Love, who often knows not where to fix, but follows the effects of deſtiny, or the Stars which are predominant over the affections. And I believe Sir, added he ſmiling, as for the Love of *Laura*, you are already very well ſatisfied, and ſo little concerned where ſhe beſtows it, that you never deſigned to make me in Love with her, that you might be my Rival. However, ſaid he, obſerving the *Baſſa* ſigh, I aſſure you, ſhould it ſo happen, you cannot do me a greater favour than in letting me know it. And you ſhall find that all the paſſion I can have for her, ſhall not hinder any performance of the duty I owe you. I will quit all my pretentions as I know you have the leaſt deſign upon her, that I may prevent all diſpute with a Perſon to whom I am ſo deeply oblig'd, that there

there can be nothing ſo dear to me, but I will part with it for your ſake. Believe it *Alexander*, anſwered the *Baſſa*, it is not ſo eaſie a matter to be diſingaged from a paſſion like yours: you may as well perſwade me, you cannot be in Love. I am certainly in Love, replied the *Count*, and it may be as deeply as poſſible; but having ſo many favours daily heaped on me from you, there is nothing in the World I ſhall Love more than your repoſe and ſatisfaction: And, Sir, if *Laura* appear now as amiable as formerly to you, I muſt tell you again, I love her no longer; ſo eaſie a matter was it for the ſubtile *Italian* to be generous in parting with that in which he was ſo little concerned. The *Baſſa* asked him if he would ſay as much before *Laura*. He anſwered, he believed him too juſt and too gallant to deſire him to make a declaration of that nature before one who had been his *Miſtreſs*. At laſt the *Baſſa* propoſed another walk in the Garden that very day, and at the ſame time prayed him to write about it to *Laura*; which the Count having not

been able to avoid, received this anſwer.

The burnt child dreads the fire; we do not commonly expoſe our ſelves twice to the ſame danger. The Baſſa's *uſage of me laſt night, gives me ſmall encouragement to truſt him the ſecond time. And you are an eye-witneſs how ill I was handled by her he had with him. Let it ſatisfie you, that if you come hither, I will have the honour to ſee you. But no more walking.*

The *Baſſa* much troubled at ſo unexpected an anſwer, went out of the Counts Chamber without ſaying a word, and paſs'd in ſolitude the reſt of the day. But in the Evening he went to the *Sultaneſs*, where he preſently met *Laura*; who inquiring of *Alexander*, and why he had not brought him with him; would it diſpleaſe you, ſaid the *Baſſa*, if I ſupplied his place this Evening: that were too great an honour for me, replied *Laura* ſmiling, but the *Sultaneſs* expects you, and is not very well. The *Baſſa* gave her his hand, and would have led her into a private Chamber; *Laura* perceiving it, and that he was in good earneſt,

prayed

Prayed him to let her go; that her Lady was not well, and he knew well enough ſhe could not endure her being a moment out of her ſight: I, I, replied the *Baſſa*, the *Sultaneſs* is ſick, and cannot be a moment without you; but 'tis becauſe 'tis I deſire to paſs that moment with you; had it been *Alexander* you could have ſtaid a little longer. The *Baſſa* ſaid this with ſo pleaſant a tone, ſhe could not forbear laughing. You know Sir, replied ſhe, 'tis another caſe when you are with the *Sultaneſs*. Beſides Sir, added ſhe ſmiling, one would venture a little for a Sweet-heart: Well, well, ſaid he, preſſing her to go along with him, 'tis Love hath brought me hither: I, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, ſtriving to get away from him, and 'tis Love obliges me to avoid the occaſion of being found alone in your company; for though I know you a moſt accompliſhed Perſon, you will allow me to tell you, you have not too much reſpect for our Sex, and 'tis very hard truſting you, witneſs your aſſaults laſt night in the Garden. The *Baſſa* made her a thouſand Oaths he would keep within the bounds of

that reſpect and diſcretion ſhe might expect from the ſevereſt vertue, and proteſted he deſired only one quarter of an hours diſcourſe. *Laura*, who knew the violence and obſtinacy of his humour, when denyed any thing he held reaſonable to be granted him, diſpoſed her ſelf to entertain him that quarter of an hour. He reproached her a thouſand times for her hardneſs and cruelty againſt him, and gave her withall the kindeſt words and the moſt tender and paſſionate expreſſions imaginable. *Laura*, to defend her ſelf, pleaded her Honour, her Religion, and her Duty to the *Sultaneſs* her *Miſtreſs*; three things ſhe would not betray for the World: Had you but a little Love for me, ſaid the *Baſſa* with a ſigh, you would not find ſo many reaſons for defence. I have my Religion as you have yours, and the Precepts of it perhaps as ſevere as yours; but Love is ſtronger than all the Precepts, the Laws, the Religions of the World, and thoſe who ſerve him, worſhip no other God. As for the *Sultaneſs*, how are you concerned, that is my buſineſs, not yours; and it ſhall be your fault, if ever

ever ſhe know it. But what do you tell me of Honour?

Surely 'tis more for your Honour to love a Man as I am, than to love ſuch a one as *Alexander*. You miſtake your ſelf, Sir, anſwered *Laura*, if you think that in the viſits he hath made me, there hath any thing paſs'd contrary to my duty: 'Tis not with thoſe of our Nation, as with the People of this Country: We may be together, and no body by, yet my Honour ſecure. I ſwear to you, Sir, *Alexander* never received that favour from me, which I could not afford the Perſon for whom I am the leaſt concerned in the World. The *Baſſa* interrupted her; what, not in the Garden? Neither in the Garden nor any where elſe, replyed ſhe, had he ever any other advantage than a ſight of me, which with us is accounted for nothing. Can you make me believe, anſwered the *Baſſa*, what you ſay? *Laura* told him, there was nothing more true, and he might reſt aſſured of it: But Sir, ſaid ſhe, for your better ſatisfaction, bring him no more hither, and you ſhall ſee whether I make my complaint for it: 'Twere pitty, replyed

the *Baſſa*, to deſtroy ſo fair a friendſhip; and I do proteſt to you, that were it in my power, I would give you no trouble, but I am not ſo much Maſter of my ſelf, to gain this point on my heart, to be unconcerned in your Love: But ſince you love *Alexander* with ſo much indifference, that you can ſo eaſily reſolve not to ſee him more, I have no cauſe to afflict my ſelf, but rather to hope you may one day love me perhaps as much as you do him.

After theſe words the *Baſſa* retired, with a heart a little better at eaſe than when he came in, but as deeply in Love as before. He gave not an intire and firm credit to what *Laura* had told him of her indifference and ſmall concernment for *Alexander*, but did believe her paſſion for the Chriſtian not ſo great as he had imagined, or that their Love had been cooled by ſome quarrel, for he had obſerved on the one ſide and the other, more indifference than is uſually conſiſtent with that paſſion.

But then reflecting ſuddenly on himſelf, may not this be (ſaid he, reſuming his

his jealouſie and diffidence,) an effect of their policy? may they not be agreed to deceive me? and being already ſufficiently aſſured of one anothers affections, may they not pretend they have no Love for one another, that they may Love one another with greater ſecurity? No, no, adds he, this cannot be, there is no hiding of Love, it will appear if not ſmothered to death: She loves not *Alexander* at all, or loves him but indifferently; thus he the more eaſily perſwaded himſelf to be ſo, in that he did moſt paſſionately deſire it might be ſo; and thence-forward his paſſion increaſed ſo faſt, it became greater than ever. Hope being a paſſion that more than any other foments that of Love, eaſily promiſes it ſelf happy events, and flatters it ſelf with expectation of good fortune and ſucceſs.

Laura gave the *Sultaneſs* an accompt of all the pleaſant diſcourſe; and the *Sultaneſs* could have wiſhed *Laura* had not been altogether ſo ſevere to the *Baſſa*, but a little more kind and complaiſant, without which ſhe thought they could not ſee *Alexander* ſo often

as ſhe deſired. *Laura* on the contrary told her, that to have been complaiſant, would have ſpoyl'd all, for that the *Baſſa* would then have entertained ſome hopes of favour from her, and ſo become more amorous than before, and conſequently more jealous of his ſuppoſed Rival than ever. What ſhall I do then, ſaid the poor *Sultaneſs*, who can do nothing but fear, and cannot expect any thing but croſſes and misfortunes? *Laura* told her, things were not in ſo deſperate a condition, that ſhe need trouble her ſelf for it, for the *Baſſa* had promiſed to ſend *Alexander* on the morrow, and that they would conſider with him how to order their buſineſs.

The Count did not know that the *Baſſa* had been with the *Sultaneſs*; but having not heard from him that day, he went on the morrow to wait on him at his riſing. He found him abed, ſo dejected and melancholy, that he might by his countenance eaſily diſcover the heavineſs of his heart. Yet he received him with that air of kindneſs and friendſhip might well aſſure the Count, he was not diſpleaſed with him:

him. The *Baſſa* was ſilent a while, and then looking on the Count with an air of friendſhip and confidence; *Alexander*, ſaid he, I am the moſt unfortunate of men, eſpecially, in Love. *Laura*, added he, ſighing, the cruel *Laura* hath not the leaſt tenderneſs for me; no, not the leaſt pity for the torments ſhe ſees me ſuffer for her: and unleſs you will be a little kind to me, I know not what will become of me. Ah Sir, anſwered the Count, let me but know what you deſire of me, and what I can do for you: you know it is not in my power to diſpoſe of others hearts; but if I may contribute to your ſatisfaction; if you would have me ſpeak to her; if——How happy ſhould I be, ſaid the *Baſſa*, interrupting him, would you do what you can. Sir, replyed the Count, if it depend upon me, you may promiſe your ſelf ſucceſs. The *Baſſa* held his peace for a little time, as if he ſtudied what to ſay; but *Alexander* preſſing him to declare himſelf, he told him with ſome trouble, that he ſhould appoint an aſſignation with *Laura* in a Chamber in the Apartment of the *Sultaneſs*,

where the *Bassa* might meet her in his stead. The Proposal was so unworthy and unfit for *Alexander* to consent to, that it astonish'd him on the sudden so extreamly, that having blush'd at it very much, he knew not what answer to make. The *Bassa* observed the disorder he was in, and was more out of countenance at it than the Count; but for fear he should interpret it otherwise than intended, and taking his blushing for no very good Omen, he told him, (to be rid of him) that he might go think of it, and that if he gave him any answer, it should be a favourable one.

The Count went out of the Chamber, and made a thousand reflections on his ill Fortune, which had reduced him to the extremity of making him serve such a person; not but that he was fully perswaded, *Laura* would not come, and that he should be little concerned, though she should entertain the motion, and favour the passion of his amorous Patron: but besides the baseness of the imployment he put him upon, he was mad to think he took him for such a Villain, that loving a Maid,

Maid, as the *Baſſa* believed he did *Laura*, could betray her ſo baſely. This was the only thing troubled him, nor would he have done it, though he died for it.

The *Baſſa* having ſeen him leave his Chamber in that manner, thought there was ſmall hope of effecting his deſign that way; yet being a perſon of great reaſon and worth, he was ſo far from thinking the worſe of the Count, or being offended with him on this occaſion, that he eſteemed of him the better, and conſidered of other means to gain ſatisfaction to his love in the enjoyment of *Laura*. His paſſion was now arrived at a height beyond the power of reaſon to manage, and capable to put him on any enterprize whatever. The moſt vertuous of men when changed into a deſperate Lover, become the moſt furious and extravagant of all; being ſo much more ſenſible of ſlights put upon him, as he conceives himſelf a perſon of merit.

This tranſported Lover having failed of his deſign to make *Alexander* of his Party, to ſerve his ends in a Propoſal

ſal that included Treachery, reſolved to deceive *Laura* himſelf, by going to ſee her that night diſguiſed as an *Eunuch*. The deſign was not very well laid, but it took, as ſhall appear by the ſequel. He had not the patience to ſtay till his ordinary hour of going to the *Sultaneſs*; but as ſoon as 'twas night, he went away diſguiſed like an *Eunuch*, and came to the apartment, where he found one old *Moor* at the gate, who not taking ſo much notice of him as to know him, he ſent her to *Laura*, to tell her that an *Eunuch* of her acquaintance deſired to ſpeak with her in the Chamber of repoſe; ſo called becauſe it was retired, and far from noiſe, and the place where they uſed to take ſome hours reſt after dinner in Summer. He made choice of this Chamber as the moſt proper for his deſign; and the old Woman was no ſooner gone about her meſſage, but he went to hide him there. *Laura* was then buſie, and the *Sultaneſs* having caſually met the old Woman in ſearch of *Laura*, asked her, what ſhe would have with her? the old Woman having had no order to keep private

her.

her buſineſs, told her freely, there was an *Eunuch* deſired to ſpeak with her in the Chamber of Repoſe. The *Sultaneſs* hearing of an *Eunuch* who would ſpeak with *Laura*, made no queſtion at all but *Alexander* was the Man; and without further enquiry what kind of Man the *Eunuch* was, or any other conſideration, ſhe takes *Laura's Barnus*, and goes to the place of aſſignation; had ſhe made the leaſt reflection on the meſſage, ſhe could not have been ſo deceived, nor have expoſed her ſelf ſo eaſily to the danger ſhe went into. It was not the cuſtom of her Gallant to uſe her thus, or to ſee her any where but in the *Alcove*-chamber; he ſcarce knew the name of the Chamber where ſhe was told he ſtaid for *Laura*, and knowing what ſhe did of the *Baſſa*, ſhe had reaſon to miſtruſt him. But thoſe who are in Love as the *Sultaneſs* was, are ſubject to greater over-ſights than theſe. She knew that *Alexander* was not to ſee her but by night, yet ſhe waited for him from the firſt moment ſhe awoke in the morning; and in this amorous expectation, which tantalized her extreamly,

ly, and kept her in a mortal inquietude whether he came or came not, there needed no help to hurry her away when the time drew near. Women who have been in Love, will easily confess there is nothing so hard as to be prudent on such occasions, and that the name of their Gallant when expected, hath made them start up for joy, and run to meet him e're they knew whether he were come.

The passionate *Sultaness* having given up her self to be led blind-fold, where she thought Love waited for her, borrowed wings of that God to carry her the sooner into that Chamber; there was not any light there, but this did not surprize her, it being not usual to place any in that Chamber. She pleased her self with the fancy of putting a Love-trick on *Alexander*, by making him take her once more for *Laura*; this made her resolve to be silent a while, as she had been in the Garden, and to divert her self that way. But as she was entring, she was taken with a shivering all over, and such a sudden fear, that she was on the point of going back again. But the Gallant who wait-

waited for her, having taken her by the Hand, ſhe began to recollect her ſelf, and went along with him where he pleas'd: he led her away to the further end of the Chamber, where he was ſo loth to loſe time for making uſe of the occaſion, that embracing her with ſome tranſport, though trembling withal, he had almoſt put it out of her power to defend her ſelf. The *Sultaneſs* thinking this action too violent to be *Alexander*'s, began to miſtruſt; and having given him his liberty till then, ſhe did the utmoſt in her power to reſiſt him, and knew, though a little too late, that ſhe was abuſed, and that this Man had neither the ſhape, nor the ſtature, nor face of her *Alexander*, and that it muſt be the *Baſſa*, which ſome marks ſhe knew about him, ſoon put out of queſtion, ſhe changed her method, and ſtood upon her guard. The reſiſtance ſhe made after the kindneſs ſhe expreſt at the firſt, was obſerved by the Gallant, and made him perceive that the cheat was diſcovered, and no hopes of hiding himſelf. So that without further dallying he made his laſt efforts, and ren-

dred

dred thoſe of the *Sultaneſs* ſo uſeleſs, that he obtained his deſign. This tranſported Lover was happy at leaſt in conceit, which ſufficiently proves the power of imagination, and that our greateſt pleaſures proceed from it. I am ſure, there is no unfortunate Lover but may envy his miſtake, and that chance could not put a greater obligation on any Man, than this on the *Baſſa*. His paſſion thus ſatisfied, he withdrew, without ſaying a word, and the Lady made all the haſte ſhe could to her Chamber, for fear the paſſionate *Baſſa* ſhould renew the aſſault. *Laura* who had been much troubled at miſſing of her, was no leſs amazed to ſee her come in the condition ſhe was in, which made her throw her ſelf on the Bed; where half weeping, halflaughing, ſhe told her the ſtory of the adventure: At which *Laura* did nothing but laugh, expecting very pleaſant concluſions from ſo comical beginnings.

The Count had been at the *Baſſa's* in the Evening, and not finding him within, came on the Morrow to acquaint him with the reſolution he had ta-

taken on the propoſal. As he entred the apartment, he was told that the *Baſſa* had been ill that night, and had not ſlept at all, and that he had forbidden any entrance into his Chamber; but the Count having more priviledg than others, they let him paſs, and he found him abed, and writing with ſo ſad a meen, and ſo dejected a countenance, that the Count preſently concluded he had had a very ill night; ſeeing *Alexander* on the ſudden, he coloured a little; but the Count laying one knee to the ground, I come, Sir, ſaid he, to beg one favour more of you: You are the principal Author of all the Love I am engaged in; it is my misfortune that you feel the ſame paſſion. Accept, I beſeech you, the ſacrifice I make you Sir, I will never love, and if you will have it ſo, I will never ſee *Laura* more. Bleſs me! cryed the *Baſſa*, what Lovers are theſe! is it poſſible that two perſons who began to love one another with ſo tender affection, can part with ſuch eaſe? and that I, who am not beloved, cannot bring my ſelf to this: ſpeak *Alexander*, and tell me whether it proceeds from

any

any diſtaſt you have taken, or that you do it for my ſake. No Sir, anſwered the Count, *Laura* is this day as amiable in my eyes as the firſt day I ſaw her; but rather than ſee you in the condition I find you in, I will not ſpare the doing my ſelf any violence I am capable of; and for your quiet and my own, I heartily wiſh I never had ſeen her. This example is ſo rare, replyed the *Baſſa*, that nothing leſs than the eſteem I have for you, can make it credible. In the mean time this Billet will let you ſee, that I have not ſtaid for you to ſet me a Preſident, but that I know in my turn how to give Preſidents for others to imitate, but not to out-do. It is written to *Laura*, read it: And there it will appear to you, that if I have done you wrong, I know how to puniſh my ſelf for it. I ſhould be heartily ſorry, ſo virtuous and excellent a perſon as you, ſhould part from us, with an ill opinion of me. The Count extreamly ſurprized at this diſcourſe, not comprehending the reaſon of it, after an anſwer full of reſpect and acknowledgment to his dear Patron, took the Billet, and there read theſe words.

If

If all the paſſion Man can have for a Woman, is not capable to juſtifie the crime I committed againſt you, you ought to pardon me, at leaſt having ſuffered in one night all the torments and afflictions of a cruel repentance, which yet fills my ſoul with grief and confuſion. And if by giving you and your Lover your Liberty, I may in ſome meaſure make amends for my faults, you may make you ready for your voyage, for to morrow morning you ſhall go both together. Farewel, and think of the violence I did my ſelf, in forcing from my boſom two perſons, whom of all I ever ſaw, I loved moſt entirely, and then you will find me not altogether unworthy of pardon.

The Count was ſo confounded at reading the Billet, as never was Man, and had much ado to hide the diſorder it put him in; he kneeled the ſecond time, as it were to give the *Baſſa* thanks for this laſt favour, which before his engagement in Love with the *Sultaneſs*, had been the greateſt he could have done him; but now after his paſſion, it was certainly the greateſt misfortune could befal him. He was willing by this action to hide from the

the *Baſſa* the trouble he was in. But the *Baſſa* took him up, and told him, he could not ſee him in that poſture, for a buſineſs where he had more cauſe to complain of him, than to thank him, that he ſhould know at leiſure the whole matter from *Laura*, and that in the mean time he had nothing to do but prepare for his voyage; that he had given order to ſtay a Chriſtian Veſſel, which ſhould have gone off that very day for *Italy*, and ſhould land them at *Legorn*; that the weather was fair, and that without fail he ſhould embark with *Laura* on the morrow: for all which he gave him his word.

The Count having taken leave of the *Baſſa*, went out of the Chamber with a heart ſo full of trouble and affliction, for the News he had received, that he wanted a more proper place to comfort himſelf, and to vent his thoughts of the reſolution the *Baſſa* had taken to give him his Liberty, and to ſend *Laura* with him. He knew not what might have obliged him to a reſolution of this nature, though upon reading the Billet, he did imagine, the *Baſſa* had committed ſome outrage on *Lau-*

Laura; but this was not the thing troubled him; it was the *Sultaneſs*, from whom he muſt part, and muſt bid her adieu for ever: to part with a Woman one loved ſo tenderly, to part with her for ever, and to part with her in the height of his paſſion, ſounds very harſh, and where is the Lover could take ſuch a reſolution for any reaſon what-ever? Yet Liberty, which to a Man who knows what 'tis to be a Slave, to a Man of *Alexander*'s quality, is a thing ſo attractive; to return to his Countrey after eight or nine months abſence; the pleaſure of *Rome*, and the conſideration that if he loſt this opportunity, he might perhaps never have ſuch another; all this, I ſay, made ſuch a Party, that the moſt beautiful, and moſt charming Lady in the World, could not have hindred many excellent perſons from quitting hers to take it. But true Love which values nothing above its own ſatisfaction, ſlights a liberty to be bought with too many tears: yet in this conjuncture, it was almoſt impoſſible for *Alexander* to refuſe this cruel liberty, being all he could in appearance deſire, and beſtow-

ſtowed on him by the *Baſſa*, with a *Miſtreſs* with whom he believed him paſſionately in love. What reaſon could he find to refuſe ſuch a Preſent which had coſt the *Baſſa* ſo dear, and ought to be the moſt acceptable to him? He deſpaired to find any, and ſaw clearly there was a neceſſity of parting, unleſs Love, favourable to Lovers in extremity, would come to his aid, and make the *Baſſa* alter his reſolution, as they commonly do who take any againſt Love; never did Slave pay more Vows to be delivered from his Chain, than he did for the continuance of his Captivity, chooſing rather to be a Slave the reſt of his Life, than to be for ever removed to ſuch a diſtance from that which he loved a thouſand times more than his Liberty.

The *Baſſa* having paſſed ſome hours after in his Bed, to muſe upon the reſolution he had taken, which he adhered to, though it made his heart ake, called for his *Aga*, and gave him orders for the departure of the two Chriſtians, cauſing ſtore of Proviſions, and very rich Preſents to be carried on board

board the Veſſel; this done he ſent his chief *Eunuch* to the *Sultaneſs* his Wife, to intreat her to give *Laura* her Liberty, whom he was minded to ſend home to her Country, together with *Alexander*, for reaſons of importance to her, as of neceſſity for him, and for the eaſe and repoſe of one and the other. Having given theſe orders, and the ſame time ſent the Letter he had written to *Laura*, he took Horſe for *Bardou*, one of his Houſes of Pleaſure, a mile from the Town, and ſtaid there till midnight, having all that time walked alone in the Gardens, to wean himſelf from the ſight and company of *Alexander*, and the pleaſure he took in *Laura*'s diſcourſe.

That night the *Baſſa* could not ſleep, and in the Morning his *Aga* being come to bring him an anſwer from the *Sultaneſs*, as to his requeſt for giving *Laura* her Liberty; he went preſently to carry it to *Alexander*, whom he found in appearance ready to be gone, but in truth never leſs diſpoſed, but hoping every moment ſome change of reſolution in the *Baſſa*. Ah, *Alexander*, ſaid he, we muſt part, but I know

know not how we ſhall; for the *Sultaneſs* who loves *Laura* with the ſame affection I do you, notwithſtanding my repreſenting to her how much ſhe was concerned in intereſt to have us part, and to deſire it as much as I, cannot reſolve upon it, but hath ſent me word this Morning ſhe will ſooner looſe her Life than her *Laura*. You muſt go ſee *Laura*, and tell her, 'twill be her fault if ſhe be not free, and go along with you; for as for me, what I have promiſed I will perform. In the mean time I will give order that the Veſſel be ſtaid longer, that it may not ſail without you. Sir, anſwered *Alexander*, there are frequent opportunities of Tranſportation, and when you have given ſome longer time to ſatisfie the *Sultaneſs*, and diſpoſe her to grant *Laura* this favour, our obligation then will not be leſs for our Liberty you are now pleaſed to grant us. *Alexander*, replied the *Baſſa*, reſolutions like that I have now taken in your favour, go ſo much againſt the grain of a heart affected as mine, that delays may be dangerous, and time may make them faulter: make uſe of the good

motions

motions reaſon and equity have inſpired into me. I do not tell you my thoughts are unalterable. The ſpite I have againſt my heart for its weakneſs, the outrage I did *Laura* yeſterday; my ſhame to appear before her after it, and the ſmall hopes I have of gaining her Love, are the true cauſes of your good fortune: All this is yet freſh in my mind; ſtay not till time deface theſe impreſſions, there being nothing men are apt ſo ſoon to forget, as the injuries they had done to others.

As they were diſcourſing together, a huge Moor who ſerved as Purveyor for the *Count*, and brought him every Morning his Proviſion from the *Seraglio*, came on the ſudden into the Chamber with a great Basket on his head, not thinking (without doubt) of the *Baſſa*'s being there. The Moor ſtarted at the ſight of him, would have gone back, but the *Baſſa* with his hand made ſigns for him to ſtay; he obeyed, and laid the Basket on the ground, which appeared very heavy, and ſo he withdrew; the *Baſſa*, of pure curioſity to ſee what they had ſent *Alexander* to eat, bid a Moor, who waited in the

Room, take up the Basket lid, which he did, and found the Provision to be a Woman very pleasantly tucked up and mused in her *Barnus* that she might not be known. But being in the Habit of a Christian (which the *Bassa* and *Alexander* had formerly seen *Laura* in) they made no doubt but it was she. The *Bassa* at first was very much surprized, but then fell a laughing, and said to the *Count*, the Invention is rare, and that she had far more wit than the Women of that Country; but this is a product of Love the Father of Inventions. However, 'tis certain nothing could have been done more proper for our design: But shall not we see, said he, all your Provision? *Madam*, you are here between the two best Friends you have in the World, and you have no reason to be shy of shewing your self; having said this, he drew near to the Lady, and would have taken her by the arm to help her to rise, but she refused and thrust him back. I see *Madam*, said he, you have not yet granted me the pardon I begged of you. I confess the offence was too great to be so quickly forgiven; but

you

you are taking your leave, and it is not fit we ſhould part without being friends; for it would be a perpetual grief to me, to ſee you leave this Country with hatred in your heart. Deny not this favour (added he, reaching forth his hand) to a man reduced to deſpair for having offended you, and puniſhing himſelf ſo ſeverely for the fault, that there is no need of this extream cruelty from you. But all he ſpoke was in vain, for ſhe hid her ſelf more cloſely, and fortify'd her ſelf in the Basket to prevent being ſeen. The *Baſſa* was unwilling to preſs her any further, but addreſſing himſelf to *Alexander*, told him, it was his part to make peace, and to prevail with *Laura* to let him ſee her once more being the laſt time: The Count took it ill that ſhe made ſo ſhy of ſhewing her ſelf to a Perſon to whom ſhe was too much obliged, to deny him his requeſt in ſuch a conjuncture, what cauſe ſoever ſhe might have had of quarrel againſt him. Beſides, he was particularly concerned to preſs her to ſhew her ſelf; for the laſt refuge he had, was his hope that the *Baſſa*'s tenderneſs for her, would

perhaps at the moment of parting take fire afreſh, and make him change his reſolution; with theſe thoughts he went to her, and gave her all the reaſons he could invent to be reconciled to the *Baſſa*, and let him ſee her a moment; but all to no purpoſe. He had not one word of anſwer, which angered him ſo, that having taken her twice or thrice by the arm to make her riſe, he was juſt going to force up her *Barnus*, and threatned to do it; but the *Baſſa* would not ſuffer it, bidding him force her no further; that ſhe had cauſe enough to complain, without doing her new violence for love of him. But, ſays he, let us make uſe of the time, and ſince ſhe is brought hither to our hands, and you have no more to do but embark, let us finiſh what we have begun, and perform what we have undertaken, there never can be a fairer opportunity; and I cannot think that *Laura* will be ſorry to leave ſuch a Country as this, or part with us to go along with you. The *Sultaneſs* in all probability is yet aſleep, let us not ſtay till ſhe awake. We muſt preſently carry *Laura* (as ſhe is in the Basket)

Basket) into the Ship: you ſhall bear her company, and as ſoon as you arrive, you ſhall hoiſe ſail and away; as for me, I will paſs the reſt of the day at *Bardou*, and give out ſuch orders as may be neceſſary, that in caſe the *Sultaneſs* miſs *Laura*, and find ſhe is eſcaped, you may not be ſtaid. Having ſaid this, he ſent a Moor to the Port, with order to have a Shallop in readineſs to carry *Laura* and *Alexander* aboard the Chriſtian Veſſel riding at *Gouletta*. This done, he ſent for the Captain of his Guards, and bid him accompany the Count, and commend the care of that Basket to the Moors who were to carry it along. Having given theſe orders, he had no more to do, but bid his dear *Alexander* adieu; and having embraced him with tears in his eyes, he bore him company to the Shallop, and from thence went to *Bardou* with a heart full of grief. The poor Count was more to be pitied: He was not much concerned to expreſs how ſorry he was to part with the *Baſſa*; but as for the *Sultaneſs*, whom he could have wiſhed to have ſeen once more at leaſt, his trouble to

leave her was so great, that he felt not the grief he should have shewed when he bid the *Bassa* adieu, who had so highly obliged him. When he saw he must part, and no hopes of seeing her, his heart was so full he could not speak a word; the tears ran down his cheeks, which much moved the good *Bassa*, who thought they were shed for him, and was not displeased to see himself outdone by a Man who was not ungrateful, and cordially loved him: At last he saw him embarked, and bid him the last adieu. The afflicted Count was so oppress'd with grief, that from the Haven to *Goulette*, having given his heart a little more liberty than he durst have done in presence of the *Bassa*, he let fall such lamentable expressions, looking towards the Town, that the Captain of the Guard, and the rest that accompanied him, were extreamly astonished, and moved to compassion. By good luck they understood not *Italian*, but his gestures, his tears, his looks, and the colour of his countenance expressed an unparallel'd trouble and affliction.

He no sooner got aboard the Ship, but he threw himself on a Bed, and was so

ſo much beſide himſelf, that he did not as much as think of his Basket; but the Captain of the Guard had eaſed him of that care, and cauſed it to be carried into his Cabbin; after which he took leave of him, and having commanded the Captain of the Veſſel to hoiſe up his Sails, he went into the Shallop and returned to *Tunis*; then was it that *Alexander* finding himſelf alone in his Cabbin, abandoned himſelf to the torment of his grief. Ah Fate, ſaid he, unjuſt Fate, what have I done that you uſe me ſo cruelly, that you force me away from a Perſon without whom I cannot live. Ah my *Sultaneſs*, dear *Sultaneſs*, muſt I leave you, muſt I abſent my ſelf from you for ever? For ever, ſaid he again riſing up: Ah Heavens! let me rather be ſet aſhore, I ſhall find pretence enough with the *Baſſa*; let me rather truſt Love than Fortune, ſhe hath betray'd me: Whatever happen I muſt die, and I had rather die at her feet whom I love, than at this cruel diſtance. Having ſaid this, he went to ſee if they were ſtill at Anchor, but found they were already a great way from Land, and ſailing with a favourable wind, had

almoſt loſt ſight of *Gouletta*. What deſpair was he in? Ah my heart, ſaid he, there is no remedy, now I muſt periſh. Dear *Sultaneſs*, added he, taking his Sword in his hand, ſee whether I am guilty of this abſence, and receive the Sacrifice I make you of my Life; with that he drew his Sword, and was going to thruſt himſelf through, when on a ſudden the Perſon in the Basket, who had thus far hearkened to all he had ſaid, threw her ſelf upon him to prevent further miſchief. Let me alone to finiſh a Life which cannot but be unhappy at this diſtance from all that I love. Ah dear *Alexander*, anſwered the Lady, embracing him with all tenderneſs, her joy not permitting her to ſay any more. The Count finding immediately (notwithſtanding the trouble and tranſport he was in) ſome difference between this voice and *Laura*'s, looked behind him on the Lady who held him in her arms: But what an aſtoniſhment, what a charming ſurprize was it for a heart like his, and in the condition he was in, to ſee that it was the *Sultaneſs* her ſelf?

THE

THE HAPPY SLAVE.

The Second Part.

OH Heavens! Is it you, Madam, cry'd the Fortunate Lover? Is it you? ſays he again, overwhelmed with a full Tide of Joy, flowing ſo faſt it had almoſt made him ſpeechleſs; may I believe that I ſee you the moment I thought I had utterly loſt you? Oh happineſs unparallel'd and beyond expectation! But, Madam, direct me, I beſeech you, where to pay my Devotion; am I obliged to Love, or to Fortune? Your thanks are due, dear *Alexander*, ſaid the *Sultaneſs*, for the Deſign, to Love; and to Fortune, for the Succeſs.

The Happy Lover extreamly amazed at ſo ſurprizing an Adventure, found in himſelf ſo ſudden an alteration from the depth of Grief to the height of Joy, that to enjoy more fully the preſent pleaſure of ſo bleſſed a change, he thought his moments too precious to be employ'd in ſatisfying the curioſity of knowing by what means he was ſo unexpectedly arrived at ſo compleat a Felicity. The Veſſel under ſail with a favourable gale rendred them as ſecure as Mortals can be on an Element where the Winds are in a manner Maſter of our Lives as well as Reſolutions. The Happy Lovers loſt not the advantage of the Seaſon to enjoy one another with as much pleaſure and ſatisfaction as proſperous Love is capable of.

The Captain of the *Baſſa*'s Guards being arrived at *Tunis*, took Horſe, and ſoon got to *Bardou*, where he found his Maſter walking alone in the Garden, and gave him an account of the departure of *Alexander*. The *Baſſa*, like a man dejected and diſconſolate, having lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, without ſaying a word, withdrew

drew into a Marble Bower in the midſt of the Garden, where he continued all that day, having given his Guards expreſs Orders not to permit any Perſon whatever to come near him; hoping thus to free himſelf from the importunity he fear'd from the *Sultaneſs*, on *Laura's* account. His Servants and Guards were much ſurprized at theſe Orders, not knowing what might be the cauſe of his diſpleaſure, unleſs it were that *Alexander* was gone.

In the Evening arrived at *Bardou* a Spahie, who brought him a Letter, and was followed by another, and he by a third, who all came to ſpeak with him on buſineſs of extream haſte and importance; but being acquainted with the Orders he had given, they durſt paſs no further, but reſolved to wait his coming out of the Bower.

The *Turks* obſerve exactly the Orders of their Maſters; but *Aly* the Captain of the Guard, gathering from the number of Couriers the importance of their buſineſs, thought it his Duty to ſtep to the Town, being but three Miles diſtant, to learn what the matter was,

was, and getting presently on Horse-back, went directly to the General of the Gallies, being one of them who had dispatched the *Spahies*. The General sent him instantly back, with strict Order to speak with the *Bassa*; and tell him, that to oppose the designs his Enemies had against his Life, his presence was absolutely necessary at *Tunis*; *Aly*, who apprehended the consequence of the affair, made no scruple (when returned to *Bardou*) to present himself before his Master; who extreamly enraged to see his Orders broke first by him, would neither hear him, nor receive the Letter he would have delivered him from the General of the Gallies. But locking himself up, past his time till the fourth Prayer, when he took Horse to return to the Town. By the way he received Letters from several, but thinking they came from the *Sultaness*, or some of her party, he opened not one of them.

The General of the Gallies astonish'd not to see him come, after News sent him what was Plotting against him, resolved to go in Person to see what stay'd

ſtay'd him at *Bardou*, and by the way met him. The *Baſſa* ſeeing him come with a very large Train, asked him ſmiling, if he thought he had been Beſieged, that he came to meet him with ſo numerous a Party. You are pleaſant, Sir, anſwered the General; but I wiſh we ſtand not in need of far greater Forces before we come to *Tunis*. The *Baſſa* obſerving him to ſpeak in good earneſt, fixt his Eye upon him a while without ſpeaking a word, then askt him, what need there could be of the Forces he mentioned; and (with Indignation) what, ſays he, will they Aſſault me for love of the *Sultaneſs*? Do not you think, Sir, replyed the General, there is reaſon enough for't? Can you believe that a Prince like the *Dey*, your Mortal Enemy (but from the Teeth outwards) can brook the injury you have done him, who loves the *Sultaneſs* his Daughter better than his Life? What injury, ſaid the *Baſſa*? What injury, reply'd the General? An injury, than which, in my Opinion, a greater could not have been offered. What, anſwers the *Baſſa*, interrupting him, will they

diſpute

diſpute my Power to ſet two of my Slaves at liberty at my pleaſure? No, Sir, ſaid the General, no queſtion is made of your Right or Power in the particular you mention; but the *Sultaneſs* was not your Slave, and unleſs you deſign'd to engage in a new Civil War, not only the Rules of Honour, Juſtice, and Religion, but the Maxims of good Polity, ſhould have prevail'd with you, not to deliver her into the hands of a Chriſtian, than which a greater misfortune cannot befall a Woman of our Religion. The *Baſſa* thought this Diſcourſe ſo extravagant, that he burſt out a laughing, and gave him no other anſwer, but that he had taken the Alarm too ſoon. The General being moved, reply'd with ſome heat, you know me too well to think me concern'd at that you reproach me with; but when you come to *Tunis*, you ſhall judge if I had not cauſe to take the Alarm. If the *Dey*, anſwer'd the *Baſſa*, deſign a breach with me, he will find a better pretence than you ſpeak of. True it is, I have ſent away *Laura* with *Alexander* the Chriſtian, without the conſent of the

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Sultaneſs; but there were reaſons for it, and ſuch as the *Sultaneſs* of all Perſons living had moſt cauſe to approve. The General of the Gallies did verily believe the *Baſſa* was ſeriouſly bent upon raillery, and willing to keep that as a ſecret which all the World knew; which he took in ill part, and had not ſpoke a word more on that ſubject, had not the *Baſſa* continued the Diſcourſe. But, Sir, ſaid the General, interrupting him, what pleaſure can you take in endeavouring to conceal from me (one of your beſt Servants and Friends) a buſineſs ſo notorious to all? Every body knows *Laura* is in your *Seraglio*, and that the *Sultaneſs* is embarqued with *Alexander*. Not to mince the matter, I muſt tell you, the general voice is, that for Love of this Slave, you have rid your hands of the *Sultaneſs* and *Alexander*, and that you deſign to Marry *Laura*, though a Chriſtian. But give me leave to tell you, that beſides the novelty of the thing (the like having never happened in this Kingdom) not only the *Dey* and *Divan* will oppoſe it, but your Friends will to their power obſtruct it, and prevent

prevent it if they can; and I dare undertake, you will ſcarce find a Perſon of your ſide.

The *Baſſa* hearing him ſpeak in this manner, thought him diſtracted, and would have uſed him accordingly, but reſtrained by the Friendſhip he had for him; *Laura*, ſays he, whom I ſaw carried in a Basket, whom I accompanied to the Port (where they put her aboard a Shallop) whom the Captain of my Guard conducted to the Veſſel in which ſhe was Embarked, and he ſaw under ſail, this *Laura* is in my *Seraglio*, and I am to Marry her. Sir, anſwered the General, did I not know you very well, and were fully perſwaded of the good eſteem you are pleaſed to Honour me withall, I ſhould not know what to think of your Diſcourſe; for it cannot be but you know the whole Affair better than any Man. But to end the Diſpute, let us go to your Palace, where you ſhall ſee whether it be *Laura* or the *Sultaneſs* that is there.

It was not long ere they arrived at the Palace. The *Baſſa*, who took all that the General had ſaid to be fabu-

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lous and vain, would not ſo much as have ſent to the *Seraglio* to know how things ſtood, thinking it foolery to doubt of the *Sultaneſs* being there. However in complaiſance, and by way of raillery, he ordered *Aly* to wait on the *Sultaneſs*, and to Complement her for him, upon the diſpleaſure ſhe took for the departure of *Laura*.

The Captain of the Guard not fancying his Maſter ignorant of what was paſt, took his Order for a meer matter of Addreſs, and a colour only to hide the truth of what he would have conceal'd; and approve himſelf able to manage the intrigue, as one who could penetrate into the deſires of the Perſon who employ'd him, he went to the *Seraglio*, where he preſently learnt what he formerly knew, that 'twas *Laura* was there; and returning to the *Baſſa*, made him a civil anſwer as from the *Sultaneſs*. This put the General into very great diſorder, and gave the *Baſſa* new occaſion to laugh, telling him, he did not underſtand the deſign of the *Dey*, in raiſing thoſe Reports to procure him the ill will of his Friends, and hatred of

his

People, and renew their former broyls with greater violence than ever; but that he ſhould find the means to bring him to Reaſon, and that in the firſt place, he would expoſe the *Sultaneſs* to view of all the People, and then ſend her home to the *Dey*, to let him ſee how unwilling he was to have any Alliance with a man who made it his buſineſs to find occaſions to ruin him.

As they were Diſcourſing, they heard a great noiſe on the ſudden in the Palace, followed by Vollies of Muſquet-ſhot, and People crying, to Arms, to Arms. The *Baſſa* went preſently out of his Chamber to ſee what the matter was, and met *Aly* coming to tell him, that the Palace was inveſted on all ſides, and that an attempt had been made to enter it by force, but that he had beat them back with ten or twelve Souldiers of the Guard, who by good Fortune hapned to be with him. The *Baſſa*, of all men the leaſt ſubject to fear, and of a ready Wit, and admirable Judgment in the moſt ſurprizing occaſions, knowing himſelf deſtitute then of Forces

to

to make any reſiſtance, and hearing them threaten to ſet fire on the Palace if the Gate were not opened, order'd they ſhould cry out at the Windows that the Gate ſhould be open'd, that thoſe who had begirt the Palace round, and were, for the moſt part, drawn thither with hopes of Plunder, might run all to the Gate, and give him opportunity to make his eſcape another way.

This Stratagem took according to his deſire, and he made his eſcape by a private way from his Enemies, who had ſhewed him no Mercy had he fallen into their hands. But he, with the General of the Gallies, and Captain of the Guard, got ſafe to the Mountains, Inhabited by the *Moors*, who had great love for him. He no ſooner gave them notice of the need he had of their help, but they came to him that Night, ſo that by break of day he found himſelf at the Head of 8000 Men, Armed ſome with Muſquets, ſome with Pikes, both equally uſeful to them.

Poor *Laura* was alone, abandoned to the Mercy of this Popular Torrent, who

who having pillaged in a moment that Rich and Sumptuous Palace, without respect to the place or the Sex, entred the *Seraglio* by Order from the *Dey*, and took out thence the unfortunate Slave, leaving the rest exposed to the will of the Rabble. It was *Laura's* good Fortune, that he who had the Commission to take her, was a Person of great honesty and worth, a private Friend of the *Bassa*, and one who expres'd as much respect for her as she could wish in such a Conjuncture. She was carried to the Castle, where she was committed to the same Officers Custody, being a Secretary, and generally esteemed by all the *Divan*. And being the only Person could speak to her without danger of being heard, he confidently told her the first time he saw her, that the *Bassa*, whose Conduct till then appeared admirable, had committed a fact no less difficult to be repaired, than generally condemn'd by the best of his Friends, but that he feared the greatest smart would be hers. The poor Slave sufficiently Alarm'd by seeing her self forced out of the *Bassa's Seraglio*, and made the *Dey's* Priso-

Priſoner, was frightned much more by the Diſcourſe of this *Turk*, who appeared to her a very credible Perſon; ſhe prayed him for Heavens ſake to tell her what the matter was, what fault the *Baſſa* had committed, and how ſhe was concern'd in it, that ſhe muſt be thus handled? If you are ignorant of the paſſages this day, anſwered the Secretary, I will let you know them.

I believe, continues he, that you know *Chabania*, or at leaſt have heard talk of her, all the World is convinced of the Malignity of her Nature, and illneſs of Diſpoſition: But to the buſineſs in hand; that which ſhe affirms, is grounded on Proofs ſo pregnant, and Reaſons ſo clear, that her Malice hath compaſſed the effect ſhe deſired. Whether ſhe was jealous of you, or in diſguſt with the *Baſſa* I know not, but ſhe is the cauſe of the diſorder you have ſeen; which, if not remedied, may prove the ruin of the Kingdom: The *Dey* was at *Cheſs* when word was brought him, that a Lady from the *Baſſa's Seraglio* deſired to ſpeak with him on buſineſs of great im-

importance. Instantly he quitted his Game, and retiring into a Chamber to give the Woman Audience, he sees *Chabania* enter, attended with her *Eunuchs* who Usher'd her, who falling before him on her knees, spake to this purpose. *Sir, I bring you News, which doubtless will trouble you. But if I deserve Death for not being able to endure an injury done to your Royal Blood, and the whole Nation, without giving you Advertisement, I am content to suffer for it, having the satisfaction to see you Revenge the wrong has been done you, which is, that your Daughter is gone, that she is delivered over into the hands of that Christian who sailed away this Morning, and that a pitiful Slave is to succeed in her place, to the infinite dishonour of your Highness and the Nation. Take your Revenge of the Author of this disorder, and execute that Justice which you ought against so cruel an attempt, acted to the dishonour of God, the injury of your Blood, and dishonour of your Country.* Scarce had she made an end, but the *Dey* inflamed with Anger, and extreamly enraged, called in those who had waited in the Anti-chamber, and scarce

able

able to ſpeak for the Paſſion he was in, made *Chabania* repeat before them all that ſhe had ſaid to him. It unhappily fell out that all who were there, were Enemies to the *Baſſa*, and inſtead of appeaſing the *Dey*, took the preſent occaſion to animate and encourage him to get ſatisfaction for ſo cruel an outrage. Women and *Eunuchs* were ſent from the *Dey* to the *Baſſa*'s *Seraglio*, on purpoſe to know the truth and particulars of this Affair, who made their report, that the *Sultaneſs* was not there, that no body knew what was become of her, and that you only were able to give us any news of her. A Meſſenger was preſently diſpatched to *Gouletta*, to enquire at the Caſtle, if there were not a Woman in the Chriſtian Veſſel that ſail'd away this Morning; the anſwer he gave was, that the Veſſel was ſail'd away without being ſearch'd, and that the *Baſſa* had ſent order to that purpoſe by the Captain of his Guards, who accompanied the Chriſtian aboard the Ship. Theſe Circumſtances ſo clear and apparent, did but too much confirm what *Chabania* had ſaid.

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Hereupon divers Councils were held; and the Aſſembly conſiſting of Perſons ill-affected to the *Baſſa*, or at leaſt too Zealous for the *Dey*, the Reſult was, that Revenge ſhould be taken. I cannot conceive how it was poſſible the *Baſſa* had no news what paſt, the report having been preſently noiſed over the Town. It was deſigned he ſhould be ſurprized at *Bardou*, where it was believed he would have lain *this Night*. But News being brought, that he was on his way hither, the *Dey's Aga* had Order, if deny'd entrance, to ſet upon the Palace, and ſeize his Perſon living or dead. And I at the ſame time was to go to the *Seraglio*, and to carry you away. They miſs'd of him, and it was well for you he eſcaped; for had he been taken, both he and you had been by this time dead. But having ſo luckily made his eſcape, and being Maſter of the Militia and *Moors* of the Kingdom, he may become formidable to the *Dey*, and be in a capacity to deliver you from danger.

The unfortunate *Laura*, too much acquainted with the unkindneſs of her Stars,

Stars, did nothing but ſigh and groan at the apprehenſions of the new ſtorms that threatned her. She knew better than any, the little reaſon they had to charge the *Baſſa* with the flight of the *Sultaneſs*; and being of Opinion, that by juſtifying the *Baſſa*, her cauſe would appear better before the *Dey*; ſhe told this *Turk*, that her Patron was not, perhaps, ſo guilty as they thought. I know not, continued ſhe, what is become of the *Sultaneſs*, ſince ſhe left the *Seraglio* this Morning; but the confidence you have expreſt in me, in the freedom of your ſpeech to me, and your generous carriage obliging me not to be ſo reſerv'd to you, as I would to another; and ſeeing the extremity matters are reduced to, I muſt acquaint you, that if the *Baſſa* ſent away the *Sultaneſs* with the Chriſtian, as is reported, ſhe was very willing to go. And becauſe it is probable you will hardly believe me, without telling you more, I ſhall be forced to relate part of a ſtory which may ſerve at leaſt to excuſe, if not juſtifie the *Baſſa*.

You know, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that the *Sultaneſs* loved *Alexander*; and tha

she loved him entirely, the occasion was this: The *Bassa*, whom every one knows to have had a mighty affection for that Christian, had a longing desire (whether for Divertisement, or to fasten him more closely to his Person) to see him Love with some Lady, and was of Opinion, I might be fit for the purpose, if he could but contrive how to bring us together. But because I stirred not out of the *Seraglio*, and that it would have been a very scandalous thing, to see a Christian enter a Palace, where none of your Religion but *Eunuchs* have access; he put the stranger into the habit of an *Eunuch*, and having prevailed with me to accept of a Visit from him, brought him to me one Evening. The *Sultaness*, already full of good thoughts for the Christian, whom the *Bassa* had a thousand times spoke to her of, was extreamly glad to hear of the design, to bring him to her very Apartment, and with very great earnestness prayed me, if possible, to procure her the pleasure of seeing him. This proved no hard task for me to perform: The *Bassa*, who seldom came to visit the

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Sultaness, sending him almost every day disguised like an *Eunuch* into the *Seraglio*, so that I had no more to do but provide for the Secrecy of the interview between my Mistress and *Alexander*. They had a sight of each other; and if *Alexander* was so handsom, as to please the *Sultaness*, you may imagine that so Beautiful a Lady could not displease him. Their Love increased day by day to that height, that they saw one another very often. The *Bassa* seeing his Christian in Love, and thinking me the object of it, took singular pleasure in it. The *Bassa* had formerly had some kindness for me, which cool'd by my resistance; but having one day for Divertisement caused *Alexander* to give him an account of the progress of his Amour, the fire of his Love so long raked up and smothered, kindled afresh into a flame; and gathering from the success of *Alexander*'s Address, that I was not insensible, as I pretended to him; he renewed his Courtship, intermingled now and then with Reproaches for the little esteem I had for him in preferring the affection of a Slave before

his: I fore-saw the danger, but was unwilling to make him sensible of his mistake, to save the two Lovers from the inconveniences which would certainly attend the discovery. And making my self a Sacrifice to the pleasure of the *Sultaness*, I let him believe I was not insensible of the Merit of *Alexander*. The affair thus managed, there followed many pleasant Adventures and Intrigues, which for fear of troubling you too much at present, I shall defer the relation of it to a better Opportunity. The mean time, the *Bassa* extreamly pressed me, and reproached me daily for slighting his Passion, and at the same time favouring a Christian far less worthy of my affection. He left no stone unturned to compass his Amorous designs, insomuch as at last he found the means to have a private and dumb interview in the dark with his Wife, whom he mistook for me, and did her all the violence imaginable to be revenged of the insensibility I had for him. Having satisfied himself, he parted with her without knowing her, blessing himself for the good Fortune of having obtained that

which

which he might have commanded every day. But grieved at last for the outrage he thought he had done me, and not knowing how to excuse himself to a Mistress extreamly offended, he judg'd no better amends could be made for his fault, than setting at Liberty two Lovers, whose Passion he had so unjustly injured, after having been not only the promoter, but first Author of their Love. He sent me the News of his Resolution by a Billet he writ to me, wherein he pleaded in excuse the great Passion he had for me; that to expiate his fault, he would deprive himself for ever of the sight of me, and send me back with my Love to my Country, being all could be desired from a generous Rival. And that if I were sensible of the pain and regret my absence would cost him, I should find him punished beyond his desert. My joy was not greater than the trouble of the *Sultaness* upon receiving this News, which put her into an unspeakable affliction. Her Nights and her Days were wholly spent in Tears; she used all means possible to prevent the misfortune she

apprehended from *Alexander*'s return into *Italy*. I gave her way, choosing rather to renounce my Liberty than see her die for grief in the condition she was in. But the *Bassa*, the firmest of men in what he resolves on, not perceiving the reason she had to oppose a design she had more reason than he to promote, considering the Passion she knew he had for me, which must needs trouble her, was true to his Resolution; and knowing there was in the Port a Christian Vessel ready to Sail for *Italy*, he caused it to be staid for our Embarking therein. What a trouble was it to the *Sultaness* to see the *Bassa* so obstinate, and us on the point of departing! Never was a Person so plunged in a Sea of despair, never were sighs so lamentable as hers; I was resolved to entreat the *Bassa* to put off our departure to another occasion, that I might gain time to dispose her to grant me the favour; but whether it were for the shame to see me, or for fear that the sight of me might melt him into a tenderness that might alter the Resolution he had taken, he appear'd not at the *Seraglio*. The

Morning

Morning we were to be gone, the desolate *Sultaness* resolved to die, or to follow us; she had long studied to contrive a way how to do it: I was her Bed-fellow, but neither of us slept a wink. *Laura*, says she, having considered well what she would do, thou knowest the affection I ever had for thee, that I have used thee more like a Sister than a Slave. Thou knowest my heart, and I need not tell thee I cannot live without *Alexander*. I desire no acknowledgment of what I have done for thee, (added she, kissing me with her face all bath'd in tears) but for pity sake, forsake me not in the most desperate condition that a Woman in Love as I am, can be reduced to, but do something to save my Life; had she desired mine with such melting expressions, I could not have denied it her, which she might perceive by the tears I shed to accompany hers. Then she told me of an intention she had thought of, whereby to get aboard with us, and that she doubted not of the success, if *Alexander* had the Passion he pretended to have for her; and if he had not, she would comfort her-

ſelf, and find pleaſure in Rage for the abſence of ſo ingrate a Perſon; that without the knowledge of any one in the *Seraglio* ſhe would be carried to his Lodging, and thence aboard the Veſſel we were to Embark in; and that the *Baſſa* ſending for me to be gone, we might all three get aboard before any Diſcovery could be made of her departure. To give her content, I approved of what ſhe ſaid, but did really apprehend the ſucceſs of this affair, and preſage, I know not how, that I ſhould be the ſufferer. 'Tis a dangerous buſineſs to yield ones ſelf up to the conduct of Lovers, in that which concerns the intereſt of their affections; they are apt to flatter themſelves, to puff themſelves up with hope, and admit of no fear. When the day began to appear in our Chamber, we thought it high time to ſet about and take order for what we thought neceſſary for accompliſhing our deſires. We got up, and the *Sultaneſs* having put on a Suit of mine, commanded me to call her one of the *Eunuchs*, who was Purveyor for *Alexander*, and ready to Sacrifice his Life for the Service of the *Sultaneſs*;

ſhe

ſhe ſent him for the basket wherein he uſed to carry the Proviſion, and placing her ſelf in it, wrapt up in my *Barnus*, commanded him to carry her to *Alexander's* Lodging. I ſaw her go away in this manner, waiting with fear and impatience enough to hear the ſucceſs of this contrivance of the *Sultaneſs*, and expecting every moment Orders from the *Baſſa* for my going away. At laſt, the time of Embarking being over, and the *Sultaneſs* not returned, I was deſirous to be informed how matters paſt, and underſtood with aſtoniſhment and diſpleaſure enough, that *Alexander* was gone, and that the *Baſſa*, having brought him to the Port, returned for *Bardou*. Then it was, Sir, I felt the ſtroke of my ill Fortune, in loſing, not only the hope of returning to my Country, which might have given me ſome comfort, but of ever ſeeing the *Sultaneſs*, the Perſon of the World I had moſt kindneſs for, and one who rendred my Captivity pleaſing. I could not doubt but her flight would be laid to my charge; but the conſideration of a Life ſo unhappy as mine, had produced in me ſo clear

resolutions for death, that, had you taken notice at your arrival, you could not observe any trouble in my countenance. And in good earnest the loss of my dear *Sultaness* afflicted me so, that the appearance of death could not have done more. They asked me oftentimes what was become of her? the answer I made, was, that I knew not: But having been long taken for her Confident, I was shrewdly suspected. As for the rest of her Servants, you might have read in their countenances, the trouble of their minds.

This is that, Sir, I had to say to you of the *Sultaness*; and if you think this Story may be of use to the *Bassa*, and conduce to the procuring peace between him and the *Dey*, I should be very glad you would relate it to him, though I may appear guilty of having committed a crime against the one and the other. But they have prudence enough to be sensible of the condition of a poor Slave, whose happiness consisted in her complaisance to a Mistress, who loved her so well as to make her confident in affairs of this consequence. The Turk made answer, that

that the *Bassa* had so much kindness for her, and so little for the *Sultaness*, that he would easily pardon the Treason she was guilty of; and as for the *Dey*, he could not be much offended with her, for having done his Daughter so eminent a service, in assisting her in a piece of unfaithfulness to a Husband who (the *Dey* knows) had not any Love for her: and that he would make use of the particulars of this Story to reconcile them; that he would manage this business with some Friends of the *Divan*, and particularly with the *Aga*, the *Deys* favourite, who had great influence over him, and though a Renegade, loved the Christians very well, and might do her some service. To these expressions he added a thousand assurances on his part, and civilities enough to oblige her extreamly. This done, he withdrew, to avoid the suspicion her Guard might have of a longer discourse, it being already very late, but promised to see her again on the morrow, and bring her News of all that past.

The *Bassa* being now at the Head of so many *Moors*, thought himself strong enough

enough to take the Field, and as ſoon as it was day, marched down towards the Town, to favour the retreat of his Friends, and of the Souldiers who came flocking in to him; ſo that before noon he had an Army of *Moors* and *Turks* above ten thouſand ſtrong. The *Dey* uſed all diligence poſſible to arm his people, but found himſelf not ſtrong enough that day to encounter the *Baſſa*, whoſe Arms were already grown terrible to his Enemies, who from his juſt indignation againſt them apprehended a Siege. But his quarrel being chiefly to the *Dey*, and wanting Cannon to attack him in the Caſtle he was in, the *Baſſa* was forced to wait the arrival of the Artillery he had ſent for to the Port whereof he was Maſter.

In the mean time, having aſſembled the principal of his Friends, to make his complaint to them of the unjuſt proceedings of the *Dey*, and to demand their advice, he was not a little amazed to hear them all maintain the General of the Galleys; that it was his Wife was gone away with the Chriſtian, and that *Laura* ſtaid in the *Seraglio*; and that the *Dey* had reaſon enough for

for what he had done, in the belief he was in of the *Bassa*'s intentions to make away his Daughter. The *Bassa* who still fancied that they were abused, would not vouchsafe to contradict them, but calling in the Captain of his Guards, asked him before them, if he had not the day before spoken with the *Sultaness*. Poor *Aly* shivering for fear, fell down at his feet with his face to the ground, and confessed he had thought the *Bassa* had sent him to the *Seraglio*, on purpose to blind the world, and that it was desired he should justifie before the General of the Galleys, he had seen the *Sultaness* there, but that in truth she was not there, and that he found only *Laura* weeping for the departure of her Mistress.

The *Bassa* for all this would not be perswaded, but said, he must see the Slave before he could believe it, having many Reasons to the contrary, when he received a Billet from the *Deys* Secretary to this purpose.

My Lord, Mahomet Bassa; *I know not whether it was your good Fortune or mine, that ordered the* Deys *making choice of me to take away and guard your fair*

fair Slave; but you may be assured she could not have fallen into better hands: she wants for nothing, and you may believe, I hold neither my Estate nor my Life too dear to bestow in your service, and obliging of her. If in the mean time I may be allowed the liberty of giving you Counsel, I would advise you to endeavour the advantage and peace of your Country, rather than that War and Ruin which will be inevitable, unless you moderate your Passion. There is no Man more sensible than I of the injury they have done you; but I am sensible also that the appearances, for which you are condemned, have misled the Dey; and thus the blame of the departure of your Wife ought to be charged only on your Wife. The rash Counsel of disaffected persons, which the Dey hath followed in this affair, hath put you both into this present disorder. God grant it proceed no further, and that we may not, to the scandal of other Nations, see our Country ruined by those who have it in charge to maintain and preserve it. I hope both of you will be better advised, and waiting your Answer, I wish you all happiness. *Adieu.*

Assen, *Secret.*

The *Bassa*, having read this Letter, could

could no longer doubt of the truth of the thing, knowing *Assen* to be a person of great Integrity, and his very good Friend. He was easily comforted for the loss of the *Sultaness*, and laught at the adventure, and could not believe she had had a design to follow the Christian, if he had not given order to carry her aboard in the Basket. He was not much troubled at the mistake he had been guilty of, and thought that in matters of Love, a Mistress of at least as good value as a Wife. He never suspected any treachery in the Case; but was willing to know what reason could have reduced her to disguise her self in that manner, and go along with *Alexander*; yet he could not but think *Laura* of the Plot, but thought himself revenged of her, and her sufficiently punished in having lost at once her Lover, and the occasion of her liberty, to please a Mistress, who might become a Rival. He longed extreamly to see her, to know the whole business; and Love adding new flames to this curiosity, made him so impatient of delay, that how dangerous soever the enterprize might have been,

been, he would have gone that very day to *Tunis*, if his presence with the Army had not been absolutely necessary, to receive those who every moment came over to his party. He sent his Friend this Answer.

Mr. Secretary, you have in your hands a Treasure, which if the Dey *knew how much I value, he would not have trusted you or any other therewith, as being assured he might with it make his peace when, and on what conditions he pleased. Take care of her, I conjure you, as you would of my person, and believe, I will never forget a service of so much importance. Send hither your Moor to morrow at the fourth Watch; I shall want him for a business I cannot trust any other person withal, nor write to you of at present.*

Mahomet Bassa Dey.

By that time he had written this Billet, the night was far gone; yet for more surety he would not let the *Moor* go till three or four a clock in the Morning. The Walls of *Tunis* are very low, and in some places easie to get over. True it is, they were then very well guarded; but the bearer of the Billet being known to belong to the *Deys*

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Secretary, there was no danger of his being ſtaid; and accordingly he found his paſſage free as he could wiſh.

The generous *Aſſen* had been that Evening to viſit his fair Priſoner according to promiſe, and given her an account how matters ſtood, with ſome hopes of accommodation between parties at difference; for that it was clear by the confeſſion of the *Eunuch* who had carried the *Sultaneſs* in the Basket, that if the *Baſſa* had a hand in ſending away the *Sultaneſs*, ſhe had contributed not a little to her enlargement, out of a criminal paſſion ſhe had for *Alexander*, by going to ſee him at his Lodging. *Laura* well pleaſed with this News, could not ſufficiently thank *Aſſen* for the obliging care he had of her. He had ſent ſo many ſeveral ſorts of excellent refreſhments, that ſhe found her ſelf better uſed in the Priſon, than in the *Baſſa's Seraglio*; ſhe knew not what to attribute ſo much goodneſs and complaiſance to, and was a little troubled, out of an apprehenſion ſhe had there might be ſome love in the caſe; for the *Turk* appeared ſo civil, ſo punctual, and ſo full of kindneſs, above the or-

ordinary rate of those of his Country, that she had cause to think him rather a Lover of her, than a meer Friend of the *Bassa's*; yet had he not in a syllable transgressed the respect that was due to her, which pleased her the more, that she had no cause on that account to be angry with a Man who had done her so many good Offices. And the truth is, he acted only out of a principle of generosity, having been five or six years a Slave in *Italy* to a Patron who had used him very well; and therefore being of a generous nature, he held himself obliged to do the Christians good offices, as having for them a more than ordinary Love and Esteem.

As *Laura* was complaining of her ill Fortune, which threw her out of one mischance into another, he pray'd her to tell him how she was made a Slave. *Laura* was so much obliged to him, that the trouble she might expect in her self, upon a fresh relation of her misfortunes could not hinder her from giving him that small satisfaction in acknowledgment of the many services he had done her; so that having assured him

him there was nothing pleasant in the story of her life, yet to let him know the first rise of her misfortunes, she began in this manner.

Sir, I was born at Genoa, *and of one of the best Families of that Republick, but you shall excuse me, if I conceal the name: I will save my Family that shame, since my misfortunes can do it no credit. I was born in a prosperous and flourishing Estate, and my Parents having no other Child, I was bred with that care and expence I may rather call profuse than great. It was my misfortune that my Mother died when I was but 12 years old, and that my Father, though aged, married a young Lady more considerable for Birth than Estate, but my Father had sufficient to satisfie the ambition or pride of a woman of quality. But these were not the Vanities my Mother-in-law was subject to, it was Love had the Ascendent over her. My Father was old, she was young and handsom, and he had cause to be jealous of her. He let her stir but very rarely out of her Lodging, and never but in his company, and then only to Church, or to make a visit to a Friend or Relation. But who can resist his fate? My Mother-in-law little pleased with the severe hand my Father held over her,*

her, found her inclination to be unfaithful to him, increase more and more; nothing provokes desire more than restraint, and difficulties and straits are Sifters of invention; she made use of several to carry on some little intrigues in the Town, but all to no purpose; my Father, an old Master in Gallantry, was so cunning and mistrustful, that nothing could escape him. So that the kind Lady despairing of relief from abroad, was willing to try if she could find at home any means to satisfie her inclinations. She cast her eyes on a Man, of condition so mean, I dare not for her reputation let you know what it was, though otherwise very handsom, honest, and till then very faithful to my Father, who had more trust in him, than in any of his Domesticks: this acquaintance and familiarity so dishonourable for a Lady of her quality, lasted for some time without being discovered, till at last by ill fortune for them and for me, having laid me down to sleep on a bed of repose in my Mother-in-laws chamber, I was an eye-witness of their Infamy: they were not aware of me, my Maid having by chance covered me with a piece of Tapestry, laid usually on the bed. I saw them, and they me, with what surprize you may imagine.

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I was then 14 or 15 years old. Was he not a Slave, says the Turk? interrupting with a tone full of joy and surprize. Yes, Sir, answer'd Laura (astonisht at the Question, which made her look earnestly on him) he was a Slave, and of Turky. Ah Madam, cries the other, as soon as she had said so, is it possible you should not know Alfen? and that you should be Madam Elinor? At this Laura was mute for some time, and then recollecting her self, Oh Heavens! is it you, my poor Alfen, says she? By what good fortune have I met you here, and fallen in your hands? By the best fortune in the world both for you and me, says the Turk, ravisht with joy to find himself in a condition to serve her, and being under the obligations I am to you, I should be the most ingrateful of men, if I imploy not my self in your service. I know you may accuse me on the account of your Mother in law, but what could a poor slave have done, tempted by the charms of a fair Lady, who offered him Money and Liberty when he pleased? You will confess you are gain'd by less matters, and that if I committed a Crime in doing as I did, after the Confidence so good a Master as your Father reposed in me, and the bounty he shewed me, yet it is pardonable;

able; at least I believe I have made some amends for my fault, in saving your Lives, which your Mother would have robbed both you and him of by poyson. But I had that influence over her Passion, that I diverted her from it. She made me a thousand promises, if I would put in Execution that horrible design; but because you are ignorant what followed that Adventure, I will tell you in few words.

Your sight of us, as you said, surpriz'd extreamly both the one and the other; and in that desperate Passion your Mother-in-Law was then in, I know not what she would have done to have been rid of you. But, as I told you, I opposed her, and made her understand, that the course she proposed, would certainly plunge us into irreparable Mischiefs, and doubtless, cost us both our Lives. That it were better to endeavour to gain you by fair means, in hopes that being very good-natur'd, you would not pursue our destruction, by making your Father acquainted with that which would certainly be the cause of his Death, and bring him to his Grave. You cannot but remember I went alone with you out of

of the Chamber to perſwade you. And that I told you, it concern'd the Honour of your Houſe to keep the matter private, with ſeveral other reaſons, with which you expreſs'd your ſelf convinced. At laſt, you promiſed me not to make any more noiſe of it, if your Mother-in-Law would, for the future, keep within the bounds of her Duty. I made a relation of all this to her, expecting that the experience of your diſcretion, ſo well known in the Family, would have paſt for current Security, for your keeping your word. But it could not ſecure her from ſtrange inquietude and trouble of Mind. She could not ſee you without ſhame, nor come near your Father without trembling. She buzz'd inſtantly in my Ears, that there was a neceſſity of making you both a Sacrifice to her Repoſe; and that till then ſhe could not expect any Pleaſure in her Life. She told me, I muſt help her to effect the deſign, or expect to be the firſt that ſhould feel the weight of her wrath. I endeavoured the beſt I could to reduce her to Reaſon, but for ſome time ſhe would not hear any.

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At last, her ill humour desired only the satisfaction of your being put out of your Lodging, and was content to find out several pretences to perswade your Father to put you into a Nunnery, or at least out of his House. Notwithstanding all the Arts of her Complaisance and Cunning, she found it no easie matter to bring this about; but for the quiet of the House, it was necessary to please her, and place you under Pension in a Nunnery. Shortly after, whether it were that you had discovered the business, or that she fear'd you had done so, or rather that she was willing to be rid of me, by this Stratagem she came one Night to my Chamber, while your Father was asleep, and with a fright in her looks told me, I was undone, that my Master knew all, and that I had no more but that Night for to save my self. Whereupon she gave me Money, and seeing me resolved to be gone, bid me her last farewel. I kept, as you remember, the Keys of the House, and so got easily out. I had, for a Disguise, taken a black Suit of your Fathers, and as soon as it was day, and the

Port

Port open, I hired a Felucca, which carried me to *Legorne*, where I lay private three days, ſtaying for a Veſſel of the Great Dukes, which was to carry a Preſent to *Mahomet Baſſa*, my Ancient Friend, who made uſe of his Intereſt with the *Dey* to reſtore me my Eſtate, which ſince I was a Slave, had been Confiſcated, upon a belief I was dead. But having fail'd of his deſire, he procured me in recompence, the Secretaries place, which is no great matter here. This, Madam, is the account of my Life ſince I left *Italy*. You may oblige me in acquainting me with yours, which I could not come to the knowledge of, having never heard ſince from *Genoa*.

That which remains to be told you, ſays *Elinor* (whom we will yet call *Laura*) is a ſtory full of troubles and misfortunes; the more difficult for me to relate, that a Perſon of Quality cannot but be aſhamed of them. But I will be free with you.

Having ſpent two Years in the Covent I was placed in, my Father moved with many tears, took me home; where for the time I ſtayed there, I

was under continual Perſecution from my Mother-in-Law; who having got the Aſcendent over the good Man, made him believe what ſhe pleaſed. She had new deſigns in her Head, which you may believe was the cauſe of the fear ſhe put you in: for my Father never had the leaſt knowledge of your familiarity, and was much troubled at your running away, declaring he had loſt in you the beſt Servant he had. He had deſigned to have ſet you at Liberty, which was the reaſon he ſent not after you as he might have done. I was by this time become ſomewhat clear ſighted, and what I knew of my Mother-in-Law, made me ſuſpect every thing ſhe did: I watched her narrowly, and in few days diſcovered a new Gallant. You may believe, that after the miſchiefs ſhe had done me, I fail'd not to do her all the ill Offices in my power: it is the nature of our Sex never to Pardon. But beſides the pleaſure of Revenge, I was engaged in Honour againſt her. This raiſed a War between us more violent than ever, and my Father had trouble enough to content us both.

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At firſt ſhe thought her ſelf hard enough for me, having once already turn'd me out of the Houſe, and afterwards ſent you packing; and putting on a bold face, fear'd nothing, as knowing I would not accuſe her of any thing, but her impudence could bring her off, my Evidence being gone. But when ſhe perceived by my obſtructing her new practices, rallying her on all occaſions, and other cutting effects of my reſentment, that I underſtood her Secrets, ſhe ſpared nothing that Rage and Fury could ſuggeſt to her againſt me. At laſt, ſhe fell heavy upon me with my Father; and having not prevailed with him to return me into the Monaſtery, forced him to turn me again out of his Houſe, and place me with his Relations; where I paſſed ſix Months with one, and ſix Months with another, to the great diſpleaſure of the Family. Till at laſt a Grandee of *Spain*, an old Friend of my Fathers, having been created Viceroy of *Naples*, and paſſing by *Genoa* to go and take Poſſeſſion of his Government, my Father intreated him to take me along with him, which he readily did. The

Viceroy and his Lady received and entertained me, not only as the Daughter of their intimate Friend, but as their own, and honoured me with ſuch expreſſions of Civility and Bounty, that I thought my ſelf too happy in being of their Train. And the truth is, I was not deceived; theſe beginnings of kindneſs growing every day to greater perfection, eſpecially on the part of the Viceroy's Lady, who appeared not able to live a moment without me. She had been a great Beauty, and was not then unhandſome, though not very young. She kept nothing from me, but imparted to me her moſt private thoughts, and made me the Confident of her deareſt affections. This laſted as long as I was diſintereſs'd, but there is no truſting one another of our Sex, eſpecially in matters of Love. I was reputed not unhandſom, and having a full Purſe at command, I lived at that Court with Splendor enough. It was preſently known, I was not the moſt inconſiderable of *Genoa*, and this advantage ſet off with a little Beauty, raiſed ſo great a number of Pretenders to me,

me, that I could not pass a day without treats and addresses of Love. The Court of *Naples* hath always pass'd for the most Gallant of *Italy*, by reason of the multitude of Persons of Quality in the Kingdom, but was never so pleasant as then. I was so young that I knew not what Love was, and was not concerned to make haste to learn it, but made the Cares and Sighs of those in Love, my sport and divertisement. But Love will in time be revenged, and make sport of us that made sport of him. I had not yet seen the man who had the secret to affect my heart, no not one who could please, though that Court had of all sorts, and some very handsome. The Son of the Vice-roy, being a young Lord very well accomplished, and not a little concerned for me, did but give me trouble. But as I hinted before, I pay'd dear for that indifference and those slights I gloried so much in. Five or six months after our arrival at *Naples*, there appeared at Court a young Gentleman, whom Love seems to have raised up for my ruin. It was the Marquel *Hippolito* of the House of *Accelyn*, equally

conſiderable for his good parts as his Birth; a Youth whoſe outſide was taking enough to charm at firſt ſight, but as traiterous and wicked within, as he was outwardly handſom and well accompliſhed. When you have heard out my ſtory, you will ſay I ſpeak with too much moderation. It is hard to hate what we have been once truly in Love with. In ſpite of that unpardonable outrage he did me, I find that if I ſaw him, and had it in my power to take my revenge of him by death, which he hath but too well deſerved, my reſentment would give place to the inclination I had for him. He was newly come from *France*, and had got the Court-air, ſo peculiar and natural to thoſe of quality of that Nation. I was extreamly pleaſed to ſee him, and looked upon him with delight, the firſt time he appeared at Court; and was ſenſible of it, though with ſhame and anger at my ſelf. From thenceforth he was conſtantly in my thoughts, though very troubleſome to me. I was diſpleaſed with my ſelf for it, and would upon any terms have put him out of my mind, but the

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more I endeavoured it, the more I found him ſettled there. I ſaw him ſeveral times after, and to the end the War within me would fain have perſwaded my ſelf, it was not for my honour to entertain ſuch thoughts of that Gentleman; but I found in the end my ingenuity deceived me. That which contributed moſt to my ruin, that both by his looks and his actions he ſeemed to prefer me before all the Ladies of the Court, and though he did not declare ſo much, yet I could obſerve he had more than an ordinary reſpect for me, and would now and then ſay to my ſelf ſome things I fancied he might and would have ſaid to me. At laſt I made my ſelf of his Party, and blaming my paſt coyneſs, I thought it very allowable and juſt, to have ſome eſteem for a man who merited it from all the World: Having once entertained this thought, and convinced of it as reaſonable, my paſſion and Love finding my heart already more than half open, preſs'd in and abſolutely took it. The *Viceroy*'s Lady, who often diverted her ſelf in entertaining me with all the Intrigues of the Court,

having one day told me ſeveral Stories, asked me if I knew the Marqueſs *Hippolito*'s Miſtreſs, for that, for ſome days paſt, ſhe obſerved him very ſolitary and out of humour, which ſhe took for an effect of ſome inclination. Had ſhe look'd upon me when ſhe asked me the queſtion, ſhe might read in my countenance how much I was concerned; for I chang'd colour three or four times. But being upon the Tarraſs of the Palace on the Country ſide, ſhe was looking that way and took no notice of me; ſo that having time to recover my ſelf, I anſwered with an affected coldneſs, that he was a dull young fellow, and I believed incapable of Love: and thereupon out of Jealouſie her queſtion had raiſed in me, I made a deſcription of him as really unlike him, as contrary to the thoughts I had of him. The Viceroy's Lady fell a laughing, and having looked upon me ſo, as ſhe believed, would have put me out of countenance; is it poſſible, ſays ſhe, that you ſhould think ſo of a man whom all the other Ladies eſteem the handſomeſt of the Court? If I were not very well perſwaded of your

your indifference for all men, I ſhould believe of you quite contrary to what you ſay. But look to your ſelf, for ſooner or later you will be met with, and your inſenſible heart ſhall have her turn as well as others. As for me, I confeſs, were I as you, that young Gentleman would pleaſe me, and I would not have you ſlight him: think of it, he is a Perſon of merit and worth, and wants nothing of what may juſtly deſerve Love from a fair Lady as you are. Who would not have believed but ſhe ſpoke in good earneſt? Who could have miſtruſted her after ſo many kindneſſes and favours ſhe daily laid out on me? I know not whether I was to blame, but muſt confeſs I yielded my ſelf to be taken, and was ready to unſay in her preſence all that I had ſpoken againſt the Marqueſs *Hippolito*, and to acknowledge I had prevented her in the thoughts ſhe had been pleaſed to inſpire into me of him, but my modeſty reſtrained me. I thought my ſelf concerned in honour, to expect an Addreſs from him, before I would confeſs my ſelf taken. I could never diſcover perfectly this

Ladies design, but as far as I can guess by the consequence, she question'd me of pure jealousie, endeavouring to discover whether I had any affection for the Marquess. She had often seen us talk together; judging by her thoughts of him, that it was hard enough for a Lady to be acquainted with a Gentleman of so many charming Qualities, without loving him; she had doubtless some apprehension I had on his account ceas'd to be insensible. But finding by what I said, that I continued indifferent, her jealousie giving place to Love-policy, she desired to settle some friendship between him and me, to serve her for a pretence to see him as oft as she desired. At least I am of opinion these were the reasons obliged her to speak of me as she did, and to tell me, if ever I meant to love, I could not make a better choice. I stood out stifly to the end, telling her, my Liberty was so precious, that I would not part with it for any consideration in the World, if the keeping depended wholly on me: But because those of my condition were not born to enjoy it all their Life; whatever I endured,

endured, I would be guided by my Friends, and abſolutely obey their pleaſure who had the right to diſpoſe of me. Hereupon ſhe embraced me, and ſaid, All the Maids of the World would be wiſe, were they of my humour, and followed my example. In the mean time, ſince I was reſolved not to ſlight the Counſel of Friends, it was her advice I ſhould admit the Marqueſs *Hippolito* to ſee me ſometimes. But Madam, ſaid I, interrupting her, hath he deſired leave to do it, and is it at his requeſt that you make the motion? She anſwered, ſaying, that I need not trouble my ſelf for that, but might believe this overture came not altogether from her; and that the Marqueſs had found me out as well as others. You may imagine what a pleaſure ſhe did me, in telling me this, who deſired nothing more than the love of that Gentleman.

This diſcourſe being over, we parted extreamly miſtaken in our thoughts of one another. She imagin'd I was ſtill the ſame, and altogether inſenſible of love; and I thought ſhe had ſpoken as a Friend, and really deſired to

ſee

ſee me in love with the Marqueſs: We began to have the young Lords company, after the particular kindneſs between him and *Don Alphonſo*, Son to the Viceroy, gave him free entrance where he pleaſed; and the Viceroy having no ſmall eſteem for the Marqueſs, was not only glad to ſee him at Court, but ingaged him by his Civilities to come to him oftner. I ſhall forbear mentioning what the Lady contributed on her part; but you may believe it very probable, that having the kindneſs ſhe had for him, ſhe omitted nothing in her power to further theſe Viſits. At firſt he was altogether for me, at leaſt in appearance; for ſeveral days he wanted nothing of diligence or complaiſance to pleaſe me. Whereever I went he ſtill waited upon me, approved all that I ſaid, and took my part on all occaſions. In a word, he practiſed all that may be done, for gaining a Miſtreſs; and was preſently looked upon in Court as a new Servant of mine. Many of my Friends congratulated my Conqueſt, and I could not but laugh at them. Not but that I believed it, being eaſily perſwaded

ſwaded to credit what I ſo much deſired, but that I was afraid to believe it ſo ſoon, and was unwilling it ſhould be known, to avoid the ſhame that might attend a miſtake. He had not as then ſpoke to me of Love; and the leaſt I could do, was to expect he ſhould declare himſelf. A Lover of ſo much Wit as the Marqueſs, could not fail of finding an occaſion. But I know not whether fortune befriended him ſo ill, as not to afford him one. However, 'tis certain he never took any to diſcover his Paſſion by Speech: All that I knew of it, was from his looks and his ſighs, which perhaps my kindneſs interpreted too favourably. Men being now accuſtomed to a general Gallantry, that in ſhew and appearance, both their words and their actions ſpeak altogether of Love. Theſe promiſing bloſſoms of an apparent affection, were all blaſted on the ſudden. I was ſurpriz'd at it to aſtoniſhment, to ſee him ſo far advanced to make ſo ſudden a ſtop, at a time I leaſt expected it, and prepared my ſelf to give occaſion to diſcover his affection, which I fear'd his reſpect for me, or his fear

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to diſpleaſe me, had hindered from doing. I could not imagine the cauſe of ſo ſudden a change; for three whole days he abſented from the Court, and when he appeared there, he looked like a man ſo cold, ſo altered, as if he durſt not caſt an eye upon me, whereas before he was jovial and complaiſant, and his eye never off me, you cannot eaſily imagine how terribly this vext me. I was upon the point of asking him the reaſon, and had certainly done it, but that I was over-rul'd by a little haughtineſs and pride, which making me look on his inconſtant proceeding, as an effect of manifeſt Treachery, inſpired me with ſcorn and averſion againſt him; which however I ſmarted for in the end: for two whole days I did nothing but weep and complain of Love and my own wickedneſs. The Viceroy's Lady obſerving me ſad and dejected, though I did all in my power to hide part of my trouble, asked me what I did ail, which probably ſhe knew but too well, but was willing to have the pleaſure of hearing what I would ſay, I, who till then had not the leaſt reaſon to diſtruſt her, made no ſcruple of

of telling her in plain terms the cauſe of my grief, and told her, ſhe had more than any contributed thereto. This made her bluſh, and comprehending on the ſudden what I meant, but thinking without doubt I had diſcovered her ſecret. But I fell unhappily to explaining my ſelf, and ſeriouſly confeſs'd to her, that what ſhe had ſaid to me of the Marqueſs *Hippolito*, had produced in me ſome diſpoſition of kindneſs for him, which coſt me then very dear, having been very confident ſhe would not have deceived me, but that the Marqueſs had now deceived us both. I muſt confeſs, ſays the Traytreſs, I was willing to conceal from you the inconſtancy and change of a fooliſh young flaſh, and did deſign not to ſpeak to you any more of him, not thinking you could be much concerned for him after what I had heard you ſay of him. But ſince you are aware of his inconſtancy, and ſo much concern'd at it, I muſt tell you, that to my grief as much as yours, I have diſcovered, he is otherwiſe engaged. She perceived me bluſh extreamly at that word, and in truth I was ſo diſor-

diſordered within, it was impoſſible to hide my deſpair. Otherwiſe engaged! Madam, ſaid I, ſighing: Yes, anſwered ſhe, to a new Miſtreſs very lately. Judge you, continued ſhe, what I ſaid to him on that occaſion, and whether he did deſerve to be reproached, having expreſt ſo much paſſion for you, that I thought it impoſſible a man could have been more deeply in Love. Oh Heavens, cry'd ſhe, how deceitful are men now a-days! He excuſed himſelf by the Friendſhip he hath for my Son; that to be his Rival, were to betray him, and that the confidence he had in him, in acquainting him at his arrival, with his affection for you, obliged him to make a Sacrifice of his heart, to ſerve my Sons intereſt. Sorry excuſes, I confeſs ſays ſhe, but how can we help it? 'Tis a mercy however, he knows not the favourable inclination you have for him, for which he is unhappily beholding to me, as the cauſe of your kindneſs. He ſhould never have known theſe worthy inclinations, reply'd I: I never diſcovered them to any but your ſelf Madam, for whom

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I had no reſerve, and I hope you have not told him. Think not, ſays ſhe, I could ſo far forget my ſelf; though I were not ſo much your Friend as you know I am; I know very well with what caution to manage their concerns, who repoſe a confidence in me. Then I asked her trembling, whether ſhe knew the fair Lady had robbed us of him? That, ſays ſhe, I cannot learn of him, but I will endeavour to diſcover it by my Son, who without queſtion knows who ſhe is; leave that to me, and I will bring you news of her as ſoon as I can diſcover her.

Thus did my Rival triumph and laugh at me. I muſt confeſs I was a very Fool, in that I had not then more wit, than to truſt any Woman; but it was the confidence I had in her, that blinded me. Yet when I call to mind a thouſand things then ſpoken and done, I cannot but wonder, I who had ſeen ſo much of the world, could not make diſcovery of the treachery they acted againſt me. I did nothing but torment my ſelf night and day, and avoided all occaſions of being with the Marqueſs, for fear my weakneſs

neſs ſhould to my diſgrace prevail over my reſolutions. I ſaw him entertain himſelf commonly with the Viceroys Lady, and asking her one day, what it was they diſcourſed of; and whether ſhe had diſcovered the ſecret I was ſo deſirous to know; ſhe anſwered me, no, but that I ſhould not trouble my ſelf, for the Marqueſs would come to me again; and that ſhe ſtudied how to bring it about. I was vext at this, and told her I did not deſire it: that ſhe might do her pleaſure, but that I deſired to be unconcerned. And the truth is, the pains I endured, would, I believe, by degrees have made me inſenſible, and cured me at laſt. But on a day the Viceroy treated us in the Garden, I quitted the Company, and walking aſide to muſe in a dark and ſolitary place, I met with the Marqueſs. I thought it an effect of the Ladies care, and that ſhe had made uſe of this occaſion to reconcile us. I know not whether he took the haughtineſs and ſerioufneſs of the Looks I entertain'd him with for an ill Omen, or not; but ſure I am, he trembled as he approached me,

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and with a very ſettled tone, told me, it was very ſtrange to ſee a perſon of my Humour finding out ſo ſolitary a Walk, there being ſo much good company in the Garden: it had been, ſaid he, excuſable in any other, as an effect of ſome amorous thoughts; but for you Madam—for me, replied I, interrupting him, and who hath told you but I may have been led hither by Love? Ah Madam, anſwered he, we know you too well to entertain any ſuch ſuſpicion; and I am ſure, if you can love any thing, it muſt be only your ſelf. 'Tis well, replied I, if it be true as you ſay, that I love nothing at all; but as for what you reproach me with, 'tis reported you are not altogether indifferent: there is ſome ground for the report, Madam, indifference being a Quality I never ſtood much upon, eſpecially towards you of all the people in the World. What not towards me? replied I, when you knew me inſenſible. 'Tis true, Madam, anſwered he, I was told ſo, but ſubmitted however to the deſtiny of thoſe many unfortunate Lovers, you have made ſuch in this Court:

Court. In matter of affection, ſaid I, we are not to be led by example; ſome have more merit, or at leaſt better Fortune than others; we are ſenſible towards ſome, when we are not ſo towards others: One perſon ſhall pleaſe, without knowing wherefore amongſt an infinite of others who ſhall not have that advantage though equally handſom. In a word, every one hath his lucky moment: you may believe I could not have ſaid all this without bluſhing. The Marqueſs having heard me with ſuch attention, as clearly diſcovered him ſurpriz'd at my diſcourſe, was juſt going to anſwer me, when the Viceroys Lady, who would never with her good will have us both out of her ſight, unhappily interrupted us, and ſurprizing us on the ſudden, ſaid, I dare lay a good wager you were ſpeaking of Love: 'tis true, anſwered I ſmiling, we were diſcourſing of a very pleaſant queſtion, occaſioned by being reproached by the Marqueſs for my inſenſibility. He hath reaſon, Madam, replied the Lady, to prevent an anſwer from the Marqueſs; he who is ſo deeply in Love, may juſtly reproach

proach you: if you know it not, I can assure you of it, and will in time tell you more. I thought, said I, we had not been so great strangers, but I might have known it from himself, without being obliged to another for the News, and if we two were alone, I know how I would quarrel with him for it. All this was spoken with an air of raillery, which wrought very effectually on the inclinations of the Marquess, which the Lady discoursed of; I applied to my self, imagining what she spoke of it, was done for my honour, and to engage me to an obliging answer which I gave. She presently fell into other discourse, and led us insensibly towards the company.

On the morrow, the Marquess having mused all night on what I had said, found me alone looking out at a window of the Palace, and falling insensibly on the discourse of the day before, asked me, though I had no inclination to love, whether I would be displeased at one who loved me with the greatest passion in the World: I answered, there were but few I would allow that liber-

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ty to; and that in the whole Kingdom I knew but one I could permit to uſe that priviledge. I believe he could not but underſtand I meant him, and my looks did but too much confirm him in the opinion; he, though he obſerv'd it, but would not take notice of it. I know, Madam, ſays he, it is extreamly imprudent to propoſe a perſon of a meaner rank than yours, or one of ſmall merit, or not Maſter of Qualities worthy your eſteem; but the perſon I ſpeak of, is beyond all exception. Finding him take a courſe ſo contrary to what I expected, I had not patience to permit him to make an end, having ground enough to believe, it was not for himſelf he made this Declaration; and interrupting him briskly, A Lover, ſaid I, (bluſhing with anger and ſhame) perhaps would not diſpleaſe, provided he were like the Marqueſs *Hippolito*; any other may come too late. I had ſcarce ſpoken theſe words, but I repented me of them, and unwilling to hear any more in the confuſion the torrent of my Paſſion had put me in, I withdrew. Oh Heavens! cry'd he, running

ning after to ſtay me, How unfortunate am I? Unfortunate, ſaid I, turning toward him: Is the eſteem I have for you a means to make you unfortunate? Yes, Madam, replied he with a ſigh; that precious and charming eſteem, I was made believe, could never be gain'd, which I would have purchaſed with all I have dear in the World——He ſtopped there. Well, ſaid I, what of that eſteem? Ah Madam, anſwered he, they have made me renounce it. I had no ſooner heard theſe words but I went on my way, having given him ſome looks full of indignation; but ſeeing him follow me, and not able for very grief to ſpeak to him, I made ſigns to him with my hand, that he ſhould come no further. It is beyond imagination what a deſperate condition I was in that night: Rage, ſhame, ſpite, fury, repentance; in a word, all the Vexations of a Lover, mock'd, betrayed, aſſaulted me by turns. I fell ſo ſick, that for many days I kept my Bed; however I reſolved to ſpeak to him once more, to know who had cauſed him to renounce my eſteem, as he had told me.

I presently fancied it was *Don Alphonso*; but was very desirous to learn how the matter had been managed, and expected every day to see him with his Friend, or with the Viceroys Lady, and that I should find an opportunity to speak to him of it. In the mean time he came not to my Chamber, though all the Court did me that honour, for the short time I continued indispos'd: this surprized me extreamly, and hearing one day he was in my Anti-chamber, I sent *Clarice* my Servant to desire him to come and see me, having something to say to him. He would have come instantly, as the Maid brought me word; but the Viceroys Lady, with whom he was discoursing, stay'd him: at which I was not a little astonished; but much more, when soon after I saw him come in, in the company of that Lady. He looked very pale, and his countenance much altered, which contributed not a little to allay my bitterness against him, though I had small reason to think my self concerned in honour of that change that appeared in his looks. You see, Madam, said I to the Lady at their en-

entrance, this Gentleman muſt be ſent for, if we deſire the pleaſure of his Company. Theſe are favours, continued I, not uſual with me, and ſuch as I would not by any means have done him, while it was in my power to have any eſteem for him. But ſince he hath told me, they have made him renounce my eſteem, you may believe, Madam, I am not much diſpoſed to have any eſteem for him; and that what I now do, proceeds not from any ſuch cauſe. 'Tis true, anſwered the Lady, he does not deſerve your eſteem, but you muſt pardon his Youth. I will pardon him, replyed I, on condition he will tell me who had the power over his Heart or Wit, to make ſlight of an eſteem not altogether unworthy a Gentleman of his Quality; and 'tis for that purpoſe I have ſent for him hither. He ſtood mute; ſo that turning my Head towards the Lady, to ask her the reaſon of his ſilence, I was again ſurpriz'd to find the Lady in greater diſorder than he. I was juſt ſpeaking to him again, when I ſaw him riſe to tell me with trouble in his face; I will ſatisfie

you, Madam, in that particular, but intreat you let me take a fitter time. A fitter time, ſaid I, and why not now? Is it my Lady that hinders you? You know I conceal nothing from her. Ah, if it be I, ſaid the Lady, I will withdraw to leave you at liberty; and with that ſhe retired towards a Window, in far greater diſorder than if ſhe had been angry. This made me more curious than ever to hear what the Marqueſs would ſay to me. Yet he declared himſelf no further, but reaching forth his hand towards me, he ſhewed me a Billet, which I would not have received on any other occaſion; but in this Conjuncture I made no ſcruple of it, believing I ſhould find in it the Secret I longed for: Hereupon he withdrew without ſaying a word. And the Lady returning towards me; Well, Madam, ſaid ſhe, how comes it he is gone, without naming to you the Perſon you have ſo much cauſe to hate? I muſt tell you, 'tis I, and that will ſurprize you. It really did ſo, the word ſhe had ſpoken having aſtoniſh'd me, I could ſcarce make her an anſwer:

You

You muſt know then, continued ſhe, that having told me he had been obliged on the account of my Son to change his thoughts of you, and engage himſelf to another Beauty; I preſſed him for your ſake to tell me who it was; and after a long refuſal, he had the inſolence to tell me, 'twas I. You may imagine how I uſed him on ſuch an occaſion: However, I was of Opinion, that a little more than ordinary complaiſance I had expreſs'd for him, had given him that Confidence. But finding him ſenſible of his error, I was a little better pacified, and let him ſee he was miſtaken on all hands. That he ſhould not have quitted the deſign of ſerving you, being unqueſtionably the beſt deſerving in this Court of Paſſion and eſteem of a Perſon of his Quality, and that he was very ill adviſed to make addreſſes to me, who was neither for Gallant, nor Gallantry. I was no ſtranger to the Character of this Lady, and knew very well what ſhe ſaid was quite contrary to the inclinations of her temper. And having had leiſure while ſhe ſpoke, to recover my ſelf from the

aſtoniſhment ſhe had caſt me in at the beginning of this Diſcourſe, and to obſerve the alteration of her Countenance, I made no doubt of her perfidiouſneſs. This, Madam, ſaid I very ſeriouſly, was to engage further in my concerns than I deſerved, and in truth than I deſired. You had formerly told me, this young Gentleman would have pleaſed you, had you been as I; and ſince he preferred you before me, it was too much for you to part with him for my ſake. I did, ſays ſhe, but what I ought both for you and my ſelf. This, Madam, replyed I, is a piece of more than ordinary Friendſhip; and I queſtion very much, whether among the beſt Friends of our Sex, the pleaſure of being beloved by a Perſon whom all the Ladies of the Court own to be the handſomeſt and beſt accompliſh'd in *Naples*, would not prevail over their Friendſhip, and make it appear that one Woman ſeldom ſcruples to be treacherous to another in caſes of this Nature. But, Madam, methinks what you now ſay, is ſomewhat contrary to what you formerly told me of the Paſſion of the Marqueſs

then

then wholly for me. I thought ſo then, I confeſs, ſaid ſhe, but I was miſtaken. And is it not poſſible, you ſhould be now alſo miſtaken, anſwered I, for I have ſome reaſon to doubt it. You do but deceive your ſelf, replyed ſhe. Well, Madam, ſaid I with ſome heat, let us try which of us is deceived; peradventure it will appear in this Billet I received from him. Whereupon I fell to the opening of it. The Lady much ſurpriz'd, asked me, if it came from the Marqueſs. I told her, it did; and that nothing but the curioſity I had to clear this Affair, could have prevail'd with me to take it from him. Alas, ſays ſhe, what aſſurance can that give you of the inclinations of a man who changes them every moment; and will, it may be, tell you the ſame he hath told me already. I was in ſuch haſte to open the Letter, that I made her no anſwer, but fell to reading it, being to this purpoſe.

How great an unhappyneſs is it, Madam, in matter of Affection, and great trouble of Heart, to follow other Counſels than thoſe of our Paſſion! Never was Per-

ſon ſo deeply in Love, as I was with you, from the day I firſt had the happineſs to ſee you. And I may very well affirm, I continue ſo ſtill, notwithſtanding the many Oaths I have been forced to the contrary. But ſome Perſons, whom I had not the leaſt cauſe to ſuſpect of deſign, having taken the pains to repreſent your humour ſo haughty and inſenſible, that I almoſt deſpair of gaining your eſteem, I was obliged to addreſs my ſelf to ſome more indulgent Beauty; not out of inconſtancy, but to cure my ſelf of a Paſſion, the conſequence whe of I extreamly apprehend. Thoſe who adviſed me to it, were ſo kind as to condeſcend to ſerve me in it: And the truth is, their Complyance was ſuch, being Perſons of Quality, that had not I deſired their Aſſiſtance, I could not have refuſed it. But, Madam, there are ſome evils for which there is no Remedy. That which your Eyes have done me is of this nature. If I have committed a fault, in entertaining thoughts of breaking my Chains, I ſmart for it more cruelly than you can deſire. I know not to what extremity my grief would drive me for the time I have loſt, were it not for the hope I have to redeem it. Be pleaſed,

ſed, Madam, to give me leave to wait upon you with more Love than ever, and by ſerious Repentance to deface thoſe ill impreſſions my error have wrought on you, concerning the conſtancy of my Affection. For ſhould you be more haughty and inſenſible than you have been repreſented, yet I am reſolved to die altogether yours.

Hippolito.

Ah, Traytor, cry'd the Viceroy's Lady, as ſoon as I had done reading the Billet, is it poſſible he ſhould have the Confidence to juſtifie the moſt viſible inconſtancy man was ever guilty of, and to accuſe others of it? Madam, ſaid I without any Paſſion, 'tis fit we ſhould hear him ſpeak for himſelf; and if you pleaſe to ſtay, we will ſend for him, and ſee how he will defend himſelf againſt you. Alas, ſays ſhe, what ſhould I ſtay for? I am not otherwiſe concerned than on your account. You may now do as you pleaſe, but if you will be adviſed by me, ſee him no more. That muſt not be, Madam, replyed I, though it were but to know who they are he ſpeaks of in the Billet; I muſt ſee him once

more, and then I ſhall underſtand what meaſures to take. I had hardly done ſpeaking but the Marqueſs came in. He thought without doubt the Vice-Roy's Lady would not have favoured me ſo long with her company after he had been gone; and the impatience he had to know how I took what he wrote in the Billet, or perhaps to tell me what made me ſo earneſt to be informed of, made him preſently return. He was not a little ſurprized to find us together. He was juſt ſtepping back to be gone, but I prayed him to come in. The Vice-roy's Lady ſeeing him, and confounded at the ſight of him, or for fear I would put him upon making the diſcovery before her, as I had certainly done in the condition things were in, ſtood up, and taking him by the hand, turning towards me: I have ſomething (ſaid ſhe) to tell him; after which you may ſatisfie your ſelf. This action of hers moved more my pity than my jealouſie. I know very well ſhe was not a Woman of the beſt conduct in the World, but I ſhould never have imagined her Paſſion could have carried

ried her ſo far as (after all ſhe had ſaid to me) as to make her give in my preſence ſuch an inſtance of her weakneſs. I let them go without ſaying a word to one or other, but expected to ſee the Marqueſs again, and aſſured my ſelf of very pleaſant divertiſement by what he ſhould tell me of the Lady: But he came not at all that day, which anger'd me not a little. On the morrow I perfectly recovered. My malady was a pure effect of jealouſie and vexation, and when I knew how matters ſtood, I was ſoon cured of both: Not but that I had reaſon to fear the *Vice-Roys* Lady. But the ſorry courſe I ſaw her take, and her pitiful conduct, ſecured me from the apprehenſion of any harm ſhe could do me: I was well enough to appear at Court, but hearing there was a Ball at night, I reſolved to be ſick one day more, that I might ſteal at night in *Maſquerade* to the *Ball*, and there ſpeak with the Marqueſs. My deſign took not, for he came not thither all the while I ſtayed. But by reaſon of my going to and fro to ſeek him out, the *Vice-Roys* Lady knew me, and being

Alarm'd at my Diſguiſe, followed me to my Chamber, where I was amazed to ſee her, and could not believe it was ſhe. Well, and what News of the Marqueſs, ſaid ſhe? I muſt know that of you, Madam, anſwered I, for I have not ſeen him ſince yeſterday, when you denied me the pleaſure to diſcourſe him one moment in a buſineſs you and I were ſufficiently concern'd to be ſatisfied in. I believe, reply'd ſhe, you are now to ſeek for ſatisfaction. How can that be, reply'd I, when I have not ſpoken with him never ſince. It is reported however, anſwered ſhe, you were this Evening together in Maſquerade. Thoſe, ſaid I, who report it, are very much miſtaken; but I muſt beg your pardon, Madam, if I tell you there is not any one but you capable of ſuch a miſtake. I know what becomes me, and there are but few who make a doubt of it: Perſons of my Honour are ſeldom guilty of ſuch faults. The *Vice-Roy*'s Lady having a deſire to vex and fall out with me, never gave over till I had told her part of my mind, and let her underſtand I was not to be fool'd

by

by her. The truths I told her, madded her to that degree, that she broke out into expressions so cruelly offensive, I could not forbear crying, and unwilling she should have the pleasure to see the Tears run down my Cheeks, I rose up to retire into my Closet. What, says she, I interrupt your Meditations in the Charms of your fine Marquess, is not that the cause of your withdrawing? Or rather, continued she, to provoke me yet more, are you going to seek him in your Closet where you have hid him? That which you say, Madam, doth so little become you, that nothing but extream madness could have made you think so unworthy of me; but I see what pleads your excuse. What, reply'd she, I hope I have no great reason to trust her that will not trust me. And the right I have to over-see and regulate your Conduct gives me the priviledge to visit any place I suspect. With that she took up a Flambeau that lay lighted on my Table, and went up towards my Closet: I looked upon her with that slight and indifference as wholly unconcern'd at her action, which angred

angred her more than any thing I could have ſaid to her. I do not yet know what was her deſign; for ſhe knew me too well to have the leaſt ſuſpicion of what ſhe charged me with, but it ſeems ſhe was reſolv'd to try me to the utmoſt, and be reveng'd of me that way. In the mean time, by very ill Fortune for me, the Marqueſs was in the Cloſet, and ſhe was the firſt that diſcovered him; ſhe ſhrieked out with the ſurprize of it, which made me turn about that way, and put me into ſuch a fright, that together with the diſpleaſure that accident gave me, caſt me into a ſound, and made me fall as dead upon the Bed near which I then ſtood. The Marqueſs ſeized with true or feigned grief for his being the cauſe of ſo unhappy an accident, begged my pardon on his knees with tears in his Eyes. What the Lady ſaid to this I know not, but one of my Chamber-Maids, who came to help me, told me ſhe ſaw her go out ſo angry, that fire ſeemed to ſparkle out of her Eyes. When I was come to my ſelf, I ſaw her not, but the Marqueſs kneeling before

before me with a countenance ſo ſad and ſo dejected, it melted me into pity, and eaſed me of more than half of my anger. What have you done, Sir, ſaid I? you have utterly ruined me. Go and ſee me no more but at ſeaſonable hours, and when every body might ſee me; after which, though I was very well pleaſed with his company, I pray'd him to withdraw, to prevent further occaſion of Diſcourſe.

I am ſenſible, dear *Aſſen*, I ſpend too much time in relating particulars ſo inconſiderable, and abuſe your Patience in entertaining you with ſuch trifles. But this having been the beſt of my time in that Court, and beſt part of my ſtory, you will excuſe the difficulty I find in my ſelf to come to the relation of Accidents ſo ſhameful for me, that the memory of them is more terrible than Death. *Aſſen* having anſwered, that all ſhe had ſaid was very material; and that he thought himſelf equally concerned in the ſmalleſt Circumſtances of her Life, as well as the greateſt, ſhe proceeded in this manner.

The

The *Vice-Roy*'s Lady having fallen out with me, and finding reaſon enough of difference with the Marqueſs, who in ſpight of her viſited me often, you may believe ſhe paſt her time very melancholy and ſad. The firſt time the Marqueſs came to ſee me, I inſiſted, that if he deſigned to pleaſe me, he ſhould begin to do it by telling me in particular all the kindneſs and careſſes paſt between the *Vice-Roy*'s Lady and him. But he intreated me with ſo much Ingenuity not to make uſe of the power I had over him; to oblige him to a thing ſo mean, that his Diſcretion prevailed over my Curioſity, and made me eſteem him the better for it: however he let me know 'twas of her he ſpoke in the Billet, as I had eaſily gueſs'd. The diſconſolate Lady, who could not but be concern'd for us, was willing to ſeek Peace, and having found a fair pretence for it, ſent me word by one of her Women, that I might do her a pleaſure if I would give her a Viſit, which I fail'd not to do. She received me chearfully, and with ſmiles in her Countenance, being an Excellent Miſtreſs of the Art of

of Diſſembling, after ſome Civilities ſhewed me, ſhe brought me to the Cloſet, where beginning her diſcourſe with a very great ſigh, Well, my dear *Elenor*, ſaid ſhe, are you ſtill angry with me? I am heartily ſorry, Madam, ſaid I, that you gave me cauſe, who never deſerved it. Come, let us agree, ſaid ſhe, to ſay nothing of what is paſt, and give me leave to let you ſee I am your Friend. It is that I deſired, Madam, reply'd I; and the Honour I have always had for you, muſt needs make you believe your Friendſhip very precious and dear to me. 'Tis enough, ſaid ſhe; come, tell me preſently if there were a propoſal of Marriage between the Marqueſs and you; do you love him ſo well, as not to refuſe him? Such a Propoſal from her appears very ſuſpicious, and ſeeing me laugh, as one who would not be caught in that Trap, I do not ſpeak to you now (continued ſhe, as a Rival) as you have believed me to be, and as perhaps (added ſhe ſmiling) I have formerly been; but as your true and ſincere Friend I tell you, that if you deſire to Marry the Marqueſs,

queſs, it ſhall be your fault if it be not done; with that ſhe ſhewed me a Letter from the *Vice-Roy* to my Father, written to that purpoſe at the requeſt of the Marqueſs, and ſaid, your Father hath ſo much reſpect for my Husband, that there is no doubt but it will take effect; the Marqueſs having deſired my leave to ſpeak of it to the *Vice-Roy*: and finding by the Character of the Letter, they endeavoured in good earneſt to unite me to a Man who was furniſh'd with all I could wiſh, as well for a ſettlement, as to pleaſe my Affection; I was raviſhed with Joy, but let it appear as little as I could, miſtruſting my Fortune, eſpecially being in the hands of a Perſon who would dearly repent it, before it could be effected. I thanked her with the moſt acknowledging and affectionate expreſſions I could invent; and there paſſed ſo many Careſſes on the one ſide and on the other, that you would have thought we had never been ſo great Friends before. At my return I found the Marqueſs in my Chamber, where he waited to bring me this pleaſing

News,

News, with a Countenance full of Joy; and that the *Vice-Roy* had given him free liberty to viſit me. I told him I had heard all this from a Perſon he could not eaſily gueſs, and in truth it was hardly credible it ſhould be the *Vice-Roy*'s Lady. I told him it was ſhe, and related all our Diſcourſe.

The Liberty granted the Marqueſs to viſit me when he pleaſed, having heightned the affection we had one for another, degenerated by degrees into a kind and tender familiarity. He took a little more upon him than had been allowed him, and more indeed than I ought to have permitted him. But 'tis hard for one in Love, ſo deeply as I was, to be proof againſt the Amorous aſſaults of a Man ſhe expects to be her Husband on the Morrow. At firſt I made reſiſtance enough, and would not ſo much as give him my hand to kiſs; but Love blinds ſo, that he doth inſenſibly lead us away, and accuſtom us to things we never durſt think of. After the firſt bluſh, the reſt follows of courſe. We expected with equal impatience my Fathers anſwer.

We

We were already mutually engaged, so that if his answer should not have proved favourable, we were resolved to compleat our happiness: Such engagements given to save a Maids Honour, are but snares Love lays for her Virtue. The Marquess, as all true Lovers, being impatiently earnest for the possession of my Person as well as Affection, whereof he was assured, and fearing cross Accidents that might hinder our Bliss, let me know, amongst some little favours I allowed him to take, that he was very desirous to obtain of my gift what I had forbid him to hope without my Fathers consent; and that if I loved him, I would make it appear in obliging him in that particular. I made as if I did not understand him, but by degrees he spoke so intelligibly, that I was under the necessity of being very angry with him, or of defending my self with Arguments: Finding it impossible to be angry with a Man I loved, I fell to Disputing, but he was too hard for me. And certainly, in matters of Love, a Maid that comes to reasoning, is in danger of being lost.

How-

However our combat lasted long enough, to make me fancy I had satisfied my humour; but at last I must yield. I thought there needed not so much caution, with a person who had given the *Viceroy* his word that he would marry me, and assured me (as I believed) by a thousand Oaths, that he would make me his Wife. He was to come to me in my Chamber at night, an hour after all should be in bed; and because my Chamber was near that of the *Viceroys* Ladies, where I had liberty of entrance at my pleasure, I told him I would leave the door open, and pray'd him not to make a noise, or speak a word, lest the Lady should hear us. You see *Assen*, I conceal nothing from you; though I might alledge many reasons in excuse of my fault. I cannot tell you all this without blushing; for I must confess had I been more wise, or more prudent, I could not have been so unfortunate as I am. The *Viceroy* was gone that day out of Town; all things seemed to favour us, but it was for my ruin. The hour was come, and I heard a man entring softly into my

my Chamber, for there was no light to ſee him by, and I eaſily believed it was my dear Servant. I received him with the kindneſs of a Woman in Love, and made no doubt but it was he; for he had the ſame imbroider'd Waſtcoat, which he had cauſed to be made againſt our Wedding, being one of the richeſt ever ſeen in the Court. Part of the night we paſs'd in an amorous ſilence, till at laſt he fell aſleep. As for me, I found my ſelf a little indiſpoſed, and wanting a light to find ſomething to take, I ventured to go into the Ladies Chamber, which commonly had a watch-light burning all night. Having opened the door from my Chamber to hers, I was not a little ſurprized, when approaching the watch-light, and caſting my eyes towards her to ſee if ſhe were aſleep, the Curtains being all open becauſe of the hot weather, I ſaw a man in his cloaths lying by her. I doubted very much whether it were beſt to go back whence I came, or take away the watch-light; but the need I had of this prevail'd with me to go on, and light the candle I had in my hand: and

and having ſeen ſo much, I was poſſeſt with a Spirit of curioſity to know who that fortunate Gallant might be; I perceived him in the habit of Marqueſs *Hippolito*. I was ſurpriz'd at the adventure, and had I not been fully perſwaded I had newly left him in my Chamber, I do not know what extravagances I might have run into. However this Circumſtance inflamed my deſire of knowing who it was. I perceived he was of the ſame ſtature with the Marqueſs, and had the ſame hair; the Ladies arm was over his face, ſo that I could not ſee it. I was at the beds feet, and could not be miſtaken; I trembled all over, as an Omen of my misfortune. Heavens! ſaid I within my ſelf, am I awake or aſleep? is not that the Marqueſs? could he quit me this night to come to this Lady? perhaps they held correſpondence together, and ſhe knew he was to paſs this night with me. All theſe Reflections were made in a moment, and the next moment after that, I came into my

my own Chamber, to find out the truth. But how was I aſtoniſhed to find the Marqueſs there too? Oh Heavens! cry'd I, which of the two is the counterfeit? And drawing near him in my Chamber, I perceiv'd by the colour of his Hair, how unhappily I was deceived, and that it was *Don Alphonſo* was there. What a Fury, what Rage did this put me in? I ſeiz'd the Ponyard he had laid on my Table, and not knowing with which of the three to begin, being all equally perfidious, I thought the Marqueſs as moſt criminal, was firſt to be ſacrificed to my juſt revenge, for fear of an Eſcape. So that I went into the other Chamber; but the noiſe that I made, having awaked *Don Alphonſo*, he was amazed to ſee a Light, and perceiving me enter his Mothers Chamber, he got up in a trice, and frightned at the ſight of the Ponyard in my Hand, he ran after me, and laid hold on me by the Arm, juſt as I was going to ſtab that Traytor the Marqueſs: but he was

was alſo ſufficiently ſurpriz'd to ſee me lifting up my hand to kill the Marqueſs, lying by his Mothers ſide. He was enraged at the ſight, and to waſh away the ſtain of his Family with the bloud of the Traitor, was ready to execute that vengeance he had hindred me to take; but I ſtaid him, and throwing my ſelf upon him, Traitor, ſaid I, this blow was not reſerved for thee, thou ſhalt not have the pleaſure of being firſt reveng'd. At theſe words, and the buſtle that we made, the Marqueſs and the *Viceroy*'s Lady awaking, were at their wits end, not knowing what reſolution to take. The Marqueſs judging that the Ponyard *Don Alphonſo* had in his Hand, threatned only him, made uſe of the time I held him, to lay hold of his own, and ſtand on his Guard. I left them in this furious Diſorder, hoping they would ſufficiently revenge one on another, for their Treaſon againſt me; and re-entring my Chamber, I ſhut the door on that ſide, and having taken with me all

all that was considerable in Money or Jewels, I went out at another door, and ran through the Streets like a mad Woman, to seek a Felucca in the Port, to carry me to any place my despair would lead me. I was so unhappy as not to find one ready, and had not the patience to stay, for fear of being pursued, and forced back to that Court, where I had rather die than appear. At last with much ado I found a Barque bound for *Barcellona*; provided they went far enough from *Italy*, and that my Name and my Birth were concealed, I cared not whither they carried me; so that I went on board, without taking a moment to consider. 'Tis not a single Accident makes us unfortunate; the greatest disasters have commonly a large train of misfortunes: Thus far my soul entertained not a thought, but what the transports of despair and resentment had suggested. But when I saw my self at Sea, and in no other Company than that of five or six poor Mariners, who knew not what to

to think of me, my heart was so full, that nothing could ease it but a torrent of tears. I will not trouble you with a Relation of the sad thoughts I had for two or three days that I had the opportunity of a solitary entertainment; but on the fourth I found my self plunged into new afflictions. About Sun-rising the Sea-men put up such a lamentable cry, it almost broke my heart: I thought we had been Shipwrack'd, and asked what the matter was, more out of curiosity than any fear of death, being the thing I heartily wish'd for. I found the Gallies of *Biserti* had us in Chase, and took us an hour after: I received this disaster with such tranquillity of spirit, as really astonisht all the Spectators. All my fear was for my person, having fallen into the hands of men who are the most barbarous and inhumane on earth, and have no respect for our Sex. However, whether it was my particular good fortune, or that they had some regard for a Woman which appeared of more than ordinary Quality, I may truly say, that setting aside the haugh-

tineſs and rudeneſs of their firſt approach, in forcing open the door of my Cabbin with their feet; I was better uſed than the reſt, and more favourably than I expected. As ſoon as the Souldiers ſaw me, not one of them entred; only the Captain of the Galley took that liberty, and very civilly asked me in *Italian* who I was, and for what place I was bound. I hid from him both my Name and my Quality, telling him, I was called *Laura*, and went for *Barcellona* to my Father, then in the ſervice of the King of *Spain*. Then I put into his hand a little Box, in which were my Money and my Jewels; and the more to oblige him, I told him I made him a Preſent worth above twenty thouſand Crowns (as in truth it was) and that I might have thrown it overboard, as moſt of the Sea-men had done their Cloaths and their Merchandize. The acknowledgment I deſired of him, was that I might be civilly uſed; which he promiſed me, and the ſame time told me, I ſhould ſay nothing of the Box, aſſuring me of a ſhare at our arrival at *Tunis*. I was ra-

raviſhed at this Conjuncture, not ſo much for the hopes he gave me of reſtoring part of my Jewels, but becauſe this ſecret rendred me uſeful and neceſſary to the Captain, and obliged him to a greater care of me. And the truth is, I had no reaſon to complain; he cauſed me to be preſently carried aboard his Galley, and gave me his own Cabbin, and never came into it till we arrived at *Biſerti*. Our Voyage was not long; we had a great Calm, and having in three days gain'd the Cape of *Carthage*, we got ſafe on the fourth into the Port of *Biſerti*; where being landed, I was put into a kind of Litter carried by a Camel, and ſo carried to *Tunis*, under a Guard of five or ſix Horſe-men. I fell to the *Baſſa*'s ſhare, who joyful of it, made a Preſent of me to his Lady.

Thus you have, dear *Aſſen*, the fortune of a Maid born of an illuſtrious Family, and to a plentiful Eſtate, as you very well know. The *Turk* being perfectly acquainted with the condition of her Family, could not ſufficiently admire the ſtrangeneſs of her fate, and aſſured her of his beſt endea-

vours to make her more happy for the future, and to gain her liberty to return to her Countrey, which she had no cause to scruple; That the Accident at *Naples* was a disaster to be remedied by her Marriage with the Son of the *Vice-roy*, who doubtless would be glad of it: That if it should fall out otherwise, she had many excellencies and advantages to comfort her against all the disasters of her life: That her misfortune in the *Neapolitan* Court could not be laid to her fault, but the infamous Treason of a man, who sooner or later was sure to be punished for his Crime. In a word, after long discourse to this purpose, he renewed protestations of his readiness to serve her, and to leave no stone unturned to free her from her misery: That he had many good Friends about the *Dey*, and was very well assured he could not take any sinister resolution against her, but he must have notice of it time enough to prevent, or escape it. *Laura* was not wanting to her duty of gratitude, for these signal testimonies of Affection to her Family and her; and could not sufficiently thank Heaven,

ven, that in the midſt of her misfortunes ſhe had met a Man ſo devoted to her Service, and of unqueſtionable fidelity.

Thus *Aſſen* left her a little comforted againſt the malignity of her deſtiny, and promiſed to come again, and paſs part of the night following with her, being obliged that day to wait on the *Dey*, to ſee how Matters were carried.

The End of the Second Part.

THE HAPPY SLAVE.

The Third Part.

ASSEN got home, but was extreamly aſtoniſh'd the *Moor* was not return'd: he went to bed, but had very bad reſt, fearing ſome ill accident had befallen the *Moor*. And conſidering of what dangerous conſequence it might be to him in the preſent conjuncture, to be found to have held correſpondence with *Mahomet*, he began to repent he had ſo raſhly expoſed himſelf to diſcovery. The thought of this kept him from ſleeping; but at length the *Moor* arriv'd, and having given him an account what had ſtaid him ſo long, diffi-

diſſipated his fears, and quieted his Spirits.

Aſſen was ſatisfied, took the *Baſſa's* Letter, read it; and inſtantly diſpatched the *Moor* back again, it being a pretty while before day, and a fitter time than at the fourth watch, as the *Baſſa* had appointed by his Letter.

The *Baſſa* was ſurpriz'd to ſee the *Moor* ſo quickly returned; but having heard the reaſon, he was not diſpleaſed, but hid him in his Tent; and as ſoon as it was night, ſent him in ſearch of his General confident and deareſt friend the Maſter of the Gallies. *Romadan*, ſays he to him, with ſome diſorder in his looks, *what think you of me when I tell you I intend to lye at* Tunis *to night. I muſt tell you Sir*, ſays *Romadan* the Maſter of the Gallies, *I think you too wiſe to expoſe your ſelf to that hazard without aſſurance from our Friends there, that they will open you the Gates; nor do I believe you can take pleaſure in putting your Country to Fire and Sword. You underſtand me not*, replies the *Baſſa*,

when I tell you I design to lye at Tunis *to night, 'tis not to execute my juſt vengeance againſt it; I am too tender of the Blood of my friends, to revenge my ſelf by night, when I cannot diſtinguiſh my Friend from my Foe; I ſpeak of going thither, only attended by a* Moor *I have here, to ſpeak with* Aſſen, *to learn what paſs'd at the* Divan, *to enter the Caſtle, ſee* Laura, *and return,* Romadan heard him with that attention and ſilence, which ſufficiently expreſs'd his wonder and aſtoniſhment. He thought it unneceſſary to uſe reaſons to diſſuade him from a deſign ſo raſh and extravagant. The *Baſſa* who read in his looks the ſubſtance of what he might have ſaid to him. *I confeſs,* ſays he, *I expoſe my ſelf to ſome hazard, and that it is impudence, or (you may call it) folly to run ſuch a riſque; but that matters not, and to eaſe you of the fear of being charg'd for not telling me what you think of the buſineſs, I declare to you, I ſent not for you to have your advice, whether I ought to put it in execution or not; for that's already reſolved. The*

ſtory

ſtory they tell me of my Wife, that ſhe is gone away with the Chriſtian, and that Laura *is at home with the* Dey, *are the things that prevail with me, nothing but a ſight of her, can convince me 'tis true; the more I think of it, the more it perplexes me: I would be ſatisfied at leaſt how the buſineſs was carried, and there is no knowing it but by the Slave. However, were the reaſons I have told you, not ſufficient to make you approve of the deſign, I cannot refuſe an irreſiſtible paſſion to ſo ſmall a compliance.*

The *Baſſa* having ſaid this, held his peace, in expectation of *Romadan*'s anſwer, who having for ſome time fixt his eyes on the ground, lift them up on the ſudden, ſaying, *God preſerve you Sir from the miſchief you run into; but if it be ſo ordained, you cannot avoid your deſtiny.* Then he ſhewed him the many obſtacles and dangers he ſhould meet with before he could get to *Aſſen*. How impoſſible it was to effect ſome of the things he deſired; that he could not enter the Caſtle without being diſcovered, and that for a ſight of a

Christian Girl his Slave, he hazarded the ruin of himself, his friend, and his party, that a little patience would make him master of his designs without pains or danger. The *Bassa*, instead of being perswaded by *Romadan*'s reasons, expres'd by his countenance a visible impatience to hear a discourse so unnecessary and useless after the resolution he had taken. His passion tempted him to try his fortune, and deprived him of patience as incompatible with love.

The night being pretty well advanced, he disguised himself the best he could; and having given *Romadan* such orders as were necessary, that his absence might not be perceived, he went away with the *Moor*, who led him a way he came the night before: they entred the Town without meeting any, but being heard by *Assen*'s House, they fell among a company of People belonging to the *Divan*, the *Bassa*'s sworn Enemies: But by good fortune he pass'd undiscovered, for which he was obliged to the *Moor*, who being

ing a witty fellow, told those who would have staid them, that he was one sick of the Plague, whom he had in charge to carry to the Pest-house. This made them stand at a distance, and give them free passage; though that disease be not so dreadful there as in other places, being very common and ordinary in those parts.

The *Bassa* was glad of so easie an escape; and when he got to *Assen*'s, he rewarded the *Moor* according to the merit of so considerable a service.

Assen was abroad at the *Bassa*'s arrival, but was extreamly surprized at his return to see the *Bassa* there. *Ah! Sir*, said he, embracing him, *is it possible you would hazard your self thus? it might have been excusable in a hare-brain'd young fellow, who had nothing to lose but his life, but for a man of your prudence and conduct, (being the second Person of the Kingdom) to come, without design perhaps, at least without necessity to throw your self into your Enemies hands, and expose your life to a thou-*

sand

ſand dangers. This Sir, how ill ſoever you take it, is a thing I can never pardon you: For Sir, adds he, *what could have oblig'd you to hazard your ſelf thus?*

The *Baſſa* fell a laughing, and taking all in good part that was ſpoken by *Aſſen*, whoſe kindneſs he was aſſured of, asked him if he had ever been in love, and whether he knew not that love had made the greateſt of men guilty of faults, and that thoſe faults had always their pardon. *But Sir*, ſaid *Aſſen, what have you to do with love? is it not* Laura *you are in love with? and is not ſhe in the Caſtle? Yes*, replies the *Baſſa*, *but being in your cuſtody, it cannot be impoſſible to have a ſight of her.* *Aſſen* would ſhave diſſuaded him from the deſign, as the moſt extravagant and raſh he had ever enterprized; but prevailed no more than the maſter of the Gallies. Strength of reaſon and fear of dangers are obſtacles too weak to ſtop the progreſs of a paſſionate Lover. Love feeds upon hope, and death is not half

ſo

ſo formidable as the happineſs of ſeeing a Miſtreſs is charming and pleaſant. The *Baſſa* reſolved, whatever befell him, to go into the Caſtle. But it was impoſſible to do it by Night, the Gates being then open only for *Aſſen*, and others the *Dey*'s principal Officers. So that it muſt of neceſſity be between Nine in the Morning and Six at Night; and the ſtrict Examination they uſed in that time would have cool'd any Man but the *Baſſa* from proceeding in ſo deſperate a deſign. But thoſe *Southern* Lovers are too hot to be cold by Obſtructions that appears invincible to others. Aſſen *told him, he had no better way than to put him into one of the Meal-ſacks he had order to ſend into the Caſtle on the morrow in a Cart.* The *Baſſa* was content, and thought it an excellent invention; and that there could be no danger in it at all. Having reſolved on this, they paſt part of the Night in Diſcourſe of the preſent poſture of Affairs, what paſt at the *Divan*, what deſigns the *Dey* had, what Forces were raiſed, and ſuch other particulars as were neceſſary for the *Baſſa* to know. After this,

this, they went to Bed, where *Assen* took his rest; but as for *Mahomet*, he had no mind to sleep, he dreamt waking of the happiness of seeing the fair *Laura* on the morrow.

At length the day appear'd, and the Cart was loaded with Meal-sacks for the Castle, and among them the Bag with the *Bassa* in't, was so plac'd, that he lay pretty conveniently. The *Moor* led the Horses, and *Assen* walked at some distance before; the Castle-gate was opened, and no search made in the Cart, the *Dey*'s Secretary was Personally Convoy to. They past freely to the Magazin of Victuals, where several *Moors* instantly attended to unload; but *Assen* very dextrously got rid of them, sending them away on several Errands. This was well for the *Bassa*, who having been almost stifled in the Bag, had untyed it, to take a little breath, and had certainly been discovered, had those *Moors* staid in the Magazin. *Assen* left him there all that day, not thinking it fit to bring him to *Laura* till Night; so that he locked him up there, took the Key in his Pocket, and went

to

to the *Dey*'s Palace to learn what News.

Poor *Laura* being all day alone, thought it very long, and with great impatience wiſh'd for the Night, that ſhe might have a ſight of her dear Friend *Aſſen*. At length the hour came he uſually viſited her, but no news of *Aſſen*, which troubled her extreamly. At laſt, ſhe heard the Door open, and riſing to meet him, *Did you but know*, Aſſen, ſays ſhe, *the Sufferings I lye under in the condition I am in, having no Friend but you, you would not have made me pine ſo long for a ſight of you; for in good truth, I am half dead with ſtaying for you.* *Aſſen* fell a laughing, and turning about to the *Baſſa*, who followed him, here is one, *ſays he*, knows how to bring you to Life again, and I doubt not but for his ſake you will pardon my long ſtay. *Aſſen* had not told the *Baſſa* of the Ancient intimate Acquaintance he had with *Laura*; this made him interrupt her ſo quickly, to make her take notice of him. But he was ſo white all over with lying in the Meal-ſack, that ſhe took him for one of *Aſſen*'s Men; but ſeeing him laugh,

laugh, she viewed him more narrowly, and knew him, *Oh Heavens! is it you, Sir?* says she. *Oh! whither are you come in search of an unfortunate wretch, which hath already given you so much trouble, and too great cause of complaint!* It is easie, answers the *Bassa*, to pardon those we love. But is it possible you are here, and that the *Sultaness* is gone away in your stead? tell me, was it she that betray'd you, or was it *Alexander*? I know not what to think of it; but when I consider his proceedings in this last adventure, I cannot suspect him treacherous. For 'twas not his fault I discovered not the *Sultaness*, it was I hindred him to take off her *Barnus*, that I might see her. However, if she loved you, I am sufficiently Reveng'd of you, for you have lost more than I, and if he was false to you, you may comfort your self with the assurance of the affection of a Person not so unworthy of your favour as he was. These last words put *Laura* to the blush; but making no answer to them, *As for me, Sir*, said she, *I neither lost a Lover in him, nor have cause to charge him with falshood, but*

but must lay on my ill Fortune all the blame of my being left behind him. You surprize me much, replies the *Bassa*, and make me conclude you an excellent Dissembler, or my self the most abused Man in the World. *Call to mind, Sir,* says Laura, *what I told you so often, that my affection for* Alexander *was very indifferent; and to be taken off when I pleased. The Ladies of your Country differ very much from those of Christendom in their course of Love; yours are very susceptible, easily take impression, and are equally unconstant. Ours are more shie of engaging in Love, but when engaged, their love is more lasting. You believed me a* Turk, *and several times did me Honours, due only to the* Sultaness, *whom you often mistook for me.* The *Sultaness*, replies the *Bassa*, much surpriz'd at the News. *The very same, Sir,* says Laura, *for 'tis now time to disabuse you; and since I may justly glory to have made of my Passion for* Alexander *a Sacrifice to her Love, I may now be allowed to declare it, when she is out of all danger of inconvenience by my owning it.* The *Sultaness*, Sir, continued she, more affected than I with the good qualities of that Christian,

ſtian, looked upon him as worthy of her Love. But permit me to ſay, you may thank your ſelf for it, who firſt ſought out the means to gain the Honour of finding a Gallant for your Lady. You may believe, replies the *Baſſa*, I deſign'd no ſuch matter, yet I pardon it in a Woman I had no kindneſs for. But the falſeneſs of the Chriſtian was unpardonably baſe, who beſides the regard he ſhould have had for the daily favours I did him, ought to have obſerved at leaſt the Laws of Hoſpitality. The *Sultaneſs*, Sir, ſaid *Laura*, had a Beauty of power to corrupt the moſt upright of Men; and had ſhe been anothers Wife, I durſt not have undertaken for your integrity in the caſe. I had a deſire to ſee the Chriſtian; you brought him into the *Seraglio*; ſhe had a ſight of him: He was handſom, ſhe loved him, and told him ſo; what could he do? The *Baſſa* could not forbear laughing at her relating the ſtory. And 'tis all the concern the *Turks* expreſs for the falſeneſs of their Wives, eſpecially thoſe they have no love for, having *Seraglio's* well ſtor'd, and the privi-

priviledge to change Wives at pleaſure. The *Baſſa* very patiently took the loſs of his *Sultaneſs*, and told *Laura* it muſt be her fault if he ſhould not be now more happy than ever. The ſubtile Slave, very ſenſible how uſeful he might be to her in the preſent conjuncture, thought it unſeaſonable to give him a repulſe, but reſolv'd to manage to advantage ſo good an overture; ſhe told him only, that was not a time to make Love. *You ſee, Sir,* continues ſhe, *I am here in a Priſon, I know not how to get out of.* But I know how to do it, replies the *Baſſa* haughtily; and if within three days you be not at Liberty, I'le fill the Streets of this Town with the Bodies of the Inhabitants. *Ah Sir! anſwers* Laura, *that were the way not to ſave me, but to haſten my Death. And it beeing known I am the cauſe of this Diſorder, you may eaſily gueſs what Mercy I ſhall find. If you have, Sir, any value for my Life, ſince it may be ſaved without ſhedding Blood, and that matters are now in a way of accomodation, let me intreat you not to think of thoſe horrible extremities.* Believe me, ſays the *Baſſa*, 'tis their deſign

deſign to amuſe me, till the Troops they expect from *Tripoly* be arriv'd; but I ſhall take Order for that, and if you will prevent inconveniences that may happen, you muſt reſolve to get out hence this Evening, and go along with me. *Get out hence, Sir, replies* Laura, *and how ſhall it be done, out of a Caſtle where I am under Guard, and have ſo many Gates to paſs?* You ſee, ſays the *Baſſa*, ſpight of all thoſe Guards, and thoſe Gates, I have entred, and reſolve to get out again; and may not you ſo too? *But, Sir,* ſays Laura, *conſider I am a Woman, and however diſguiſed, may be eaſily diſcovered by my gate, or my ſtature; and the leaſt obſtacle we meet with, will put me into ſuch a fright, will infallibly ruin both you and me.* *Aſſen* fortified her Reaſons with his, and abſolutely condemned the Enterprize propoſed, as expoſing the *Baſſa* and her to apparent danger of inevitable ruin. You ſhall ſee, *Sir,* adds he, by the difficulty you and I ſhall find to get out, the trouble we ſhould have to get a Woman along with us. I am of Opinion with the reſt of your Friends, 'tis beſt to come

to

to an accommodation. The Troops from *Tripoly* will be long a coming, and if you keep the Town ſtreightly block'd up a few days longer, you will oblige the People to Petition the *Dey* to make Peace, which we of your Party will not fail to help forward: And the *Dey* being of a timerous irreſolute temper, will be glad of the pretence to come to an Agreement.

The *Baſſa*, though more inclin'd to violent than moderate actions, yielded this time to the perſwaſion of two Perſons who were the deareſt to him of any, and whoſe intereſt he knew it was not to give him any Counſel to his diſadvantage. He told them he would ſtay a Week longer, but if in that time neither the Threats nor Interceſſion of his Friends ſhould prevail, he would make uſe of ſome Stratagem to reduce the Town; and if that failed, he would employ all his Force to bring the *Dey* to Reaſon.

Aſſen was eaſily induced to aſſent to all this, knowing the Town was ill provided of Corn, and that the Inhabitants began already to be ſtreightned, and murmured at the exigences they

they were reduc'd to, and not without cauſe, although it was given out theſe murmurs were raiſed by thoſe of the *Baſſa*'s Party, in favour of his deſigns.

The *Baſſa* ſhifting his Diſcourſe from the general affairs to his private concerns, deſired *Laura* to give him a particular account of *Alexander*'s Amour with the *Sultaneſs*, which *Laura* related in the moſt civil expreſſions ſhe could, not forgetting the Adventure in the Chamber of Repoſe, where the *Baſſa* had miſtaken his Lady for her: the *Baſſa* could hardly believe this, and was more vext at it, than all the reſt of the ſtory. Then ſhe told him the deſign the *Sultaneſs* and ſhe had to go both aboard, and why the *Sultaneſs* had put her ſelf into the Basket without acquainting *Alexander* with her intentions. I do verily believe it, ſaid the *Baſſa*, for I was in the Chamber when the Basket was brought in, and feign'd it was you; and was unwilling *Alexander* ſhould do you the leaſt violence. I gave Order my ſelf to have it carried aboard, and together with *Alexander* went along with

it

it to the Port. *Aſſen* and *Laura* could not forbear laughing. The *Baſſa* told them he was as ready to laugh at it as they, but that *Laura* made one of the party, and had a hand in putting the trick on him. For as for his Wife, the hatred he bore her Father, and the ſmall kindneſs he had for her, were ſufficient aſſurances he was not ſorry to be rid of her. But he expected ſatisfaction from *Laura* for the ill Offices ſhe had done him; none being more guilty than ſhe of the Treaſon of the *Sultaneſs*. Raillery made up the reſt of the Diſcourſe, and the Night being far gone, *Aſſen*, not affected as the *Baſſa* with the Charms of *Laura*, told him it was time to withdraw. The *Baſſa* intreated him to ſtay a little longer, and ſaid, while Night laſted, he thought there was no danger; and that he had not taken ſo much pains to enjoy that lovely Girl only for a moment. At laſt, *Laura* acquainted him with the fear ſhe was in, having been ſo long together, which heightned the danger; giving the Guards cauſe to ſuſpect ſo long an interview, and to ſtop his paſſage if he ſtaid much

much longer. The *Bassa*, to satisfie her, retired, making new protestations of a Passionate Lover, who would rather perish a thousand times, than not see her delivered from the hands of her Enemies by an Honourable Peace, or a bloody War.

A new invention must be thought of for the getting out of the Castle, where the Examination was as strict almost at going out as at entrance. *Assen* led the *Bassa* back again to the Magazin, and having daubed his Face sufficiently with Meal, laid a parcel of empty Sacks on his shoulders, without any disturbance, past all the Guards with him, as a Servant of *Assen's*. It was not yet day; and the *Bassa* thought it fit to make use of his time, to return before Morning to the Camp, where he thought his presence very necessary. *Assen* bore him company to the Walls of the Town, and having help'd him over, took his leave.

Laura longed extreamly to hear what was become of him, and could not rest till she saw *Assen*. *Cheer you, Madam*, said he, as he entred her Cham-

Chamber. *The* Baſſa *is out of danger, and all will be well. Alas! dear Aſſen,* anſwers ſhe, *peradventure things may go well, but not for me.* You will be certainly ſet at Liberty, replies *Aſſen,* and in very few days. *Yes,* ſays *Laura, I ſhall be ſet at Liberty from the* Dey, *to be made Priſoner to the* Baſſa, *whoſe Paſſion will render my Impriſonment a thouſand times more unfortunate than my preſent reſtraint. Heard you not what he ſaid? And what will become of me, when in his power? Ah,* Aſſen, adds ſhe, with Tears in her Eyes, *I did but too clearly fore-ſee the misfortunes that did threaten me, unleſs Heaven divert them. A Maid of my Quality had better die a Priſoner, than buy her Liberty at that rate. Aſſen* ſighing for pity, anſwered, he had already thought of all ſhe ſaid, and that it was not without cauſe, he ſo much oppoſed the *Baſſa*'s deſigns of taking her away that Night. That he could have found means enough for it, had he thought it for her advantage; But that he reſolved to repreſent to her firſt, how much harder it would be for her to get out of the

Bassa's hands than the *Dey*'s. And that he was very glad she had first spoken of it; that he would keep his word with her, to do her all the Service he could, to help her back into her Countrey; that he was very sensible it was as much as his Fortune was worth, and perhaps his Life; both which he must hazard in the case: but that he never scrupled to expose the one, or the other, but was ready to sacrifice both for the interest of a Family he was more indebted to; and that he was very willing to return among the Christians, whose Religion and Customs he loved far better than those of his Countrey.

This ushered in a long Discourse of the Business in hand; the Conclusion was, that *Assen* should use the interest of his Friends with the *Dey*, to perswade him to set *Laura* at liberty, and send her back into her Country, to prevent the Confusion to be feared, if he should be obliged to restore her to the *Bassa*, and see her supply his Daughter St. *Room*. That, if this would not take, he should try the utmost extremities, to endeavour

deavour the getting her on board a *Brigandine* of his, which ſhould be made ready to carry her away with the firſt Opportunity. Poor *Laura*, deeply ſenſible of the Obligation ſhe had to ſo honeſt a Man, told him more than once, he might aſſure himſelf, ſhe would not be ungrateful for ſo conſiderable Services; and that he ſhould never fail of a Friend while ſhe lived, but might command any thing in the power of her Family. *Aſſen*, who needed no promiſes to perſwade him in this particular, took his leave; and went to ſpend the reſt of the Night in thinking of the buſineſs, for which his inclination and gratitude were motives ſufficiently powerful to engage his utmoſt endeavours. He ſlept not a wink, but as ſoon as it was day, he went to viſit thoſe he thought to make uſe of, to ſpeak to the *Dey*. Of theſe, *Beyran-Aga*, the *Dey*'s Favourite, was one, in whom he placed moſt confidence, as moſt favouring the Chriſtians, and his particular Friend. He found him ready to ſerve him, but at the ſame

time, he desired the favour of seeing the Slave. *Assen* fearing the effects of her Beauty on a young man, as the *Aga*, might obstruct the design, was so far from expressing a willingness to comply with him, that he strained his invention to find the most specious pretences to divert him. *Beyran* took it for a denyal of his Request, and was somewhat displeased. He thought *Assen* was in Love with her, and told him only, he would do him all the Service in his power to persuade the *Dey* to give the fair Slave her Liberty. But the truth is, he endeavoured it but coldly; so that neither the *Dey* believed, a time might might come he might give *Laura* in exchange for his Daughter, or that the *Bassa* loving her as he did (in case of necessity) to make Peace with him, would for her sake grant him better Conditions, he was not of Opinion with *Assen*'s Friends, who advised him to be rid of her.

Assen much troubled his project had failed, resolved to put himself into a condition of stealing her away, helping to effect it as a thing depending intirely on

on himſelf. *Beyran* whoſe deſires to ſee *Laura* increaſed, by the difficulty he found of obtaining it from *Aſſen*, would not ask it of him the ſecond time; but went ſtraight to the *Dey*, to beg leave to ſee her, under pretence of learning from her, the truth of what was reported concerning the *Sultaneſs*, and the Chriſtian, who was fled. The *Dey* too well aſſured of the amour betwixt them, by the evidence of the *Moor*, who carried the Basket; and of ſeveral Women of the *Seraglio*, and other Circumſtances little needed further Information. But *Beyran* being his Favourite, and thinking his requeſt proceeded meerly from curioſity of ſeeing the fair Slave, he granted it; and gave order to *Laura*'s Guards to let him ſee her.

This Favourite had heard the Slave was very handſom, but could not learn how long ſhe had been at *Tunis*, nor how taken; fortune having ſo ordered it, that he addreſſed his inquiry to Perſons that could give him no certain account.

Assen had been busie that day, arming his *Brigandine* under pretence of sending her a cruising, and commanded his People, being almost all Christian Slaves, to be ready at the Cape of *Carthage* to sail with the first Orders. *Laura* was dispos'd the night before, to venture passing the Sea in that little Vessel: The weather was fair, the Season pleasant, and they hoped, if the wind served, to reach the Isle of St. *Peter* in two days. *Assen* goes to visit her, and finds her trembling for fear: *Madam*, says he, this is not a time to tremble, but to arm your self with Resolution and Courage. *I am a Woman, Assen*, answers she, *and one unhappy enough to have cause to fear the worst, both for you and my self.* *Assen* endeavoured to hearten her, saying, she should be set at liberty on the morrow, and that he would take her out of the Castle without difficulty or danger. *Laura* was in fear still, and so much disordered, she knew not where to begin to provide for her escape; when on the sudden, she heard her Chamber door open, and turning about, saw a man enter, which frightned her so

ſo (apprehending a diſcovery) that ſhe fell in a Swoon with theſe words in her mouth; *Ah! Lord we are undone!* *Aſſen* extreamly ſurprized at the accident, and the *Moor* foreſeeing the *Aga*, knew not what to think might occaſion his company thither, believing it could not be, but in behalf of the *Dey*. Both *Beyran* and he were buſie about *Laura*, holding her up, but of the two *Beyran* ſeemed moſt concern'd. He viewed and reviewed her Countenance, her ſtature, her hair, her hands, with a diligence and trouble too extraordinary, not to ſurprize *Aſſen*, to whom he had not yet ſaid a word. But all on the ſudden, giving free paſſage to a thouſand ſighs, his ſurprize had ſtopt or ſuſpended: *Oh Heavens!* Cries he as a man tranſported, *'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, my Dear* Eleanor. And at the ſame time falling down at her knees, embraced them with that tenderneſs and height of affection, you would have thought he would have died there for joy. Theſe words and tranſports, and hearing him call her *Eleanor*, ſurprized *Aſſen*, he knew not whether it was the

Aga he saw there, or some other that had borrowed his shape. *Laura* the mean while was pretty well come to her self, and angry at seeing at her feet a man she knew on no other account, but that the sight of him had almost cost her life, struggled the best she could to get from him But the *Aga*, with eyes full of tears, and not able to say a word, held her so much the faster. *Laura* extreamly astonish'd, *Sir*, says she, *if this be an effect of pity, you have for the fortune of an unfortunate Slave, I have done ill to be so much alarm'd at the sight of you. But I thought you came on a design contrary to my wishes.* You little know, *Madam*, says the *Aga*, with a languishing tone, the Person prostrate before you.

Laura, feigning she knew the voice, fixt her eyes on him to take a better view: *Heavens!* cries she, *what do I see, is it possible it should be he?* With that she falls into a second Swoun into the arms of *Assen*, who much troubled at it, intreated the *Aga* to withdraw a little, fearing the sight of him might be the death of the poor Maid, not knowing who he was.

was. *What ſay you*, ſays the *Aga*? *Alas! ſhe knows me too well, being the ſole cauſe of all her misfortunes. Aſſen*, I know you be honeſt, and my very good Friend, and therefore I apprehend no danger in telling you, ſhe is a Perſon, whoſe Merits as well as Birth make her worthy your Care; and one for whom I would loſe a thouſand Lives to ſave her from harm. *Aſſen* hearing this, fell from one aſtoniſhment to another, and would have fain cleared the Myſtery of the Adventure, but was ſo buſied with endeavouring to fetch *Laura* again, that he thought it convenient to reſpite the Diſcourſe to a fitter Opportunity. The *Aga* extreamly concerned, aſſiſted him with extraordinary diligence; and *Laura* beginning to take breath, *Aſſen* asked her, if ſhe deſired that *Turk* ſhould quit the Room, and told her, he was the *Aga*, the *Dey*'s Favourite, he had told her of. She making no anſwer, turned her dying Eyes towards the *Aga*, and with a languiſhing voice, *Ah cruel*, ſaid ſhe, *What Fate brought thee hither to perſecute me to Death?* *Beyran* could not hear that Language,

without falling the ſecond time at her feet, and waſhing them with a torrent of tears without ſpeaking a word: *Leave me Traytor*, ſays ſhe, *leave me, that I may dye in quiet, rather than be deluded again with thy tears, which deceitfully as they are, have but too ſtrong an effect on my feeble heart.* *Aſſen* the ſpectator of ſo tender a Scene, having freſh in memory the ſtory of *Laura*, with *Marqueſs Hippolito*, and *Don Alphonſo*, knew not what to think of it. The *Aga* was a Renegado arrived at *Tunis* a year before; and *Aſſen* fancied he might be one of thoſe Lovers, and rather the *Marqueſs Hippolito*, than *Don Alphonſo*. *Laura* in the height of her anger, having expreſs'd a tenderneſs for him, which ſhe could not have retained, but for one ſhe had loved. He had a deſire to know the bottom of the buſineſs, but thought it unſeaſonable to interrupt them, and was in hopes this Scene would end in a diſcovery of the Myſtery. Yet being himſelf ſtraightned in time, and that they were fallen into a deep ſilence, uſing only expreſſions of mutual ſighs. He thought fit to ſay to

the

the *Aga* (whom he ſufficiently perceived no Enemy of *Laura's*) had my former acquaintance with you been too ſmall to give me hopes, you would not croſs the deſign we have in hand; yet Sir, what I have but now ſeen and heard, were enough to perſwade me, you will be ſo far from obſtructing it, that I aſſure my ſelf, we ſhall have your aſſiſtance to compaſs it. By my requeſt to you yeſterday, you know my endeavours for the Liberty of this Slave: thoſe proved ineffectual, but I have thought of other means, which if you pleaſe, we will execute this evening. You know well enough the *Baſſa* is paſſionately in love with her, if we give him time to ſee her once more, it will not be in our power to get her out of his hands: If a War be reſolved on, it will be equally difficult to ſave her: And who knows but ſhe may be put to death here, the People being already extreamly incenſed againſt her, as the cauſe of all this diſorder; and upon the noiſe of a War, they will be too apt to make her a Sacrifice. Let us be wiſe

in

'in time, all things are in readineſs, 'and if you will make uſe of them 'preſently, I do warrant the ſucceſs. The *Aga* looked upon him as a man newly out of a Trance, and oppreſs'd with grief. Let us do, *Dear Aſſen*, ſays he, whatever you think fit; for in the condition that I am in, I am not capable to give you any reaſonable Counſel, but will do all you ſhall deſire of me, and imploy my whole power in the Caſtle to favour your deſign, and help this Lady out of danger. *Ingrateful man*, anſwers *Laura*, *do you ſpeak of helping me out of danger? you who are the cauſe of all my misfortunes. Go wretch, go, I'le never be ſo much obliged to you, but chuſe rather to dye here in Priſon, than not to have ſtill juſt cauſe to reproach you.* This is not time, *Madam*, ſays *Aſſen*, (whoſe conceptions were too groſs to apprehend the delicacy of her Sentiments) to refuſe any help, eſpecially the *Aga*'s, who being Captain of the Guard, can give order for opening us the Gates, when we pleaſe, without ſtop or examination. *What confidence can we repoſe*, anſwers ſhe, *in the moſt perfidious*

of

of men? No, no, Aſſen, *were it poſſible for him to be more honeſt on this occaſion, than he was faithful in his love, I will rather dye than make uſe of his aſſiſtance, after the double Treaſon he committed againſt me: The very thought of it,* adds ſhe with tears, *is more cruel than Death.* 'Tis true, *Madam,* ſays *Beyran,* with the moſt moving action imaginable: I have deſerved death, yet peradventure I am not ſo guilty as you think me. *Don Alphonſo* and *Clarice,* who betrayed us both, have expiated their Crimes with their Death, and if mine muſt be puniſhed with equal rigor, my life is at your diſpoſe. You ſee me in a Country, *Madam,* whither nothing but deſpair on the news of your death, occaſioned my coming; for after diligent ſearch of the way you had taken, having been told you were embarqued for *Barcellona,* I took the ſame road, and arrived at that City, where ſoon after it was reported, the Veſſel you embarqued in was caſt away, and not one Perſon ſaved. Never was grief equal to mine, every one pittied me; nor had I eſcaped death, but that Heaven moved at my tears, reſerved me

me the happineſs of ſeeing you again, to juſtifie my ſelf before you, and not dye in your ill opinion, the thing next the loſs of you, I was moſt of all troubled for. The life I have ſince led, hath been full of afflictions ſufficient to expiate any Crime, if not committed againſt you. *Laura* took pleaſure to hear him, and heartily wiſhed to find it true. He was not ſo much to blame as ſhe believed. But the evidence was ſo apparent againſt him, that the very thought of what ſhe had ſeen, made her more angry than ever, ſo that ſhe commanded him out of her ſight, bid him quit the Town, and never ſee her more. Poor *Beyran* being ſtill on his knees, endeavoured with the kindeſt and moſt tender expreſſions imaginable to pacifie her. *Aſſen*, who by this time was ſufficiently aſſured he was the *Marquiſs Hippolito* under the name of *Beyran*, moved with his tears, took his part againſt *Laura*, whom he thought not inflexible, and intreated her to have ſome regard to the penitence of ſo tender a Lover, ready to deliver her out of all her troubles, and free her from Slavery

which

which he had occaſioned; but perhaps without any fault of his, and ſo againſt his will. But *Laura* more angry than before (at leaſt in appearance) anſwered, ſhe valued not her Slavery, but would chooſe rather to return to the *Baſſa*, than go away with a man ſhe hated worſe than Death. This troubled *Aſſen*, but he could not deſpair to ſee the fair Lady yield at laſt to the pains and tears of a Lover, though ſhe appear'd unwilling to be overcome by the perſwaſions of a Friend.

For anger in a Ladies heart,
Is but ſhort liv'd, though it may be ſmart,
Againſt their Crimes who have the Art
To pleaſe;
For theſe
No ſooner at the Bar appear,
Kneel, ſigh, look ſad, and drop a tear;
But they with eaſe,
A pardon for the offence obtain,
And are admitted into Grace again:
While the fair Judge, whoſe angry brow,
Lour'd, and look'd terrible but now,
To the poor Lover there below,

Find-

Finding her tender heart relent,
Begins her Anger to repent;
Thinks her ſelf Criminal, that ſhe,
So rigorous to him could be;
Owns her Severity a fault,
And that ſhe may it expiate,
Submits his Priſoner to remain,
Bound in her own affections Chain.

Laura's heart was of this temper, ſhe thought her ſelf concerned in honour not to yield too ſoon. *Aſſen* did her no ſmall pleaſure in taking the part of *Marqueſs Hippolito*, whom we will yet call *Beyran*. And ſhe was very willing *Aſſen* ſhould have the honour of obtaining from her a pardon for the ungrateful *Beyran*, if he could plead any thing to juſtifie himſelf, or extenuate the Treaſon he was guilty of, but that would have uſhered in a Diſcourſe too long for the preſent conjuncture, and *Aſſen* told the *Aga*, if he had a mind to execute the deſign he had told him of, he muſt be at the Cape of *Carthage* before day; for there the *Brigandine* waited their coming. *Beyran* anſwered, it was impoſſible to get that night

night out of the Caſtle, the *Dey* having not above two hours ſince had news from the Spies, he maintained about the *Baſſa*, that the night before, the *Baſſa* entred the Town, whereupon the *Dey* gave ſtrict order no Perſon ſhould go out or in but by day. *Laura* and *Aſſen* were ſurprized at the news, and perceived the *Baſſa* had been in danger. *Beyran* ſeeing *Laura* a little mollified, was extreamly deſirous to improve ſo happy a beginning by a ſuitable progreſs to an intire pacification. But though ſhe ſaw him much troubled and very penitent, ſhe gave him not the comfort of a kind expreſſion or look, but againſt her inclination forced her ſelf to appear harſh, and act the cruel againſt him. *Aſſen*, who thought one night at leaſt neceſſary to be afforded *Laura*, to diſpoſe her ſelf for an intire Reconciliation; and that being upon the point of executing ſo hazardous a deſign, care ſhould be had to take their meaſures aright, asked the *Aga* whether he thought it not fit to retire, leſt being ſeen to come from *Laura* ſo late, he might give cauſe of ſuſpition.

The

The *Aga* anſwered, he need fear nothing, the *Dey* having given him full power to ſtay as long as he pleaſed. But *Laura*, who had more reaſon to be of *Aſſen*'s than of the *Aga*'s opinion, who was wholly led by his paſſion, ſpoke to him, though ſomewhat againſt her will, to withdraw. The *Aga* ready to obey this order, begged the favour of her to give him hopes at leaſt, ſhe would pardon him, if he made it appear he was altogether innocent as to the matter of *Alphonſo*, and that her hatred of him ſhould be at an end. She made him no anſwer, but her eyes betrayed her heart; and ſpoke clearer in his favour than her voice could have done, *Beyran* kiſſed one of her hands, which ſhe could not refuſe him, and left her full of that evenings adventures which found her entertainment. The reſt of that night not knowing what to think of *Beyran*'s fortune, whom ſhe believed, turned Turk for deſpair; at the thought of this, the tears trickled down her Cheeks, and ſhe perceived, that if what he told her was true, of her having been betrayed by

by her Maid, and that he had not any hand in *Alphonſo*'s baſe action, as in truth it was ſcarce credible he had, ſhe would love him more than ever, and pardon his being found with the Vice-Queen, though this was a tender point, and not to be remembred without a volley of ſighs.

Aſſen found the *Aga*'s news true, and not able to get out of the Caſtle, went with him to his apartment, where the pretended Renegado cauſed a Bed to be provided him, but they ſpent the whole night in diſcourſe. *Aſſen* you may believe had an itching curioſity to hear the ſtory of *Marqueſs Hippolito*, having heard *Laura*'s; *Aſſen* as ſoon as they were private, fell into that diſcourſe. The *Aga*, who knew how much he wanted *Aſſen*'s help to plead for him to *Laura*, was ready to pleaſure him with the relation, and having underſtood *Laura* had told him part of what concern'd her, he was willing to acquaint him with what came not to her knowledge, and began thus.

When

When I arrived at Naples, *I found there the Vice-Roys Son, whom I was acquainted with in my younger days, and renew'd our friendſhip, eſtabliſh'd rather in the conformity of our age, than of our Inclinations: he brought me to Court, and eſteemed it neceſſary a new-comer ſhould be a little inſtructed in the paſſages there, he took the pains to tell me all the principal Intrigues and Affairs of Love, and made me the Confident of his Paſſion for the fair* Eleanor, *expecting from the fair friendſhip between us, I would, when acquainted with her, do him the beſt ſervice in my power; I had a ſight of her, and by the firſt effects of that view, could eaſily foreſee there was no continuing* Alphonſo's *Friend, without becoming his Rival: I was troubled at it, and reproached my ſelf for my unfaithfulneſs; but what ſignified that when there was love in the caſe? There was no reſiſting* Eleanors *charms, and I had inſtantly taken the reſolution to love her, had not the Vice-Queen uſed all poſſible arts to divert me; ſhe expreſs'd no ſmall complaiſance for me, which I attributed to the friendſhip between her Son and me.*

But

But having found me one day in deep meditation, she asked me, *whether I would freely acknowledge the cause of my melancholy, if she could guess what it was, and might serve me in the business?* I assur'd her I would; she adds, *I was under the Fate of many other unfortunate Lovers, who could not see* Eleanor, *without being affected with the excellency of her Beauty.* I was strangely surpriz'd, to find a passion scarce entertained in my Soul, already known to the Vice-Queen, and could not imagine how she came by the discovery of a secret, I had resolved to keep close as long as possibly I could: it was not in my power to deny it; the trouble in my face and change of my colour, having given her sufficient evidence, how truly she had guessed. I told her I found my self too weak to resist the Charms of that beautiful Maid, and was sorry only *Don Alphonso* her Son, and my Friend was concern'd: she answered, that a passion we cannot master, was not to be complain'd of, nor blam'd, and that her Son could not be so unreasonable, as not to pardon my falling

falling into a diſtemper, himſelf had been afflicted with. But ſhe believed, I ſhould prove as unfortunate as her Son; but to keep her word with me, ſhe would let me ſee, my concerns were more dear to her than the Intereſt of her Son: but I muſt not blame her, if her endeavours ſhould prove ineffectual, which ſhe had too much cauſe to expect, from the ſtrange and unparallel'd inſenſibility of that fair Maid, that ſhe would ſpeak for me that very day, and ſee what hopes of a favourable reception, and whether ſhe defi'd Love, out of a general averſion for Mankind, or a particular diſguſt againſt ſome of that Sex. The ſame time ſhe aſſigned me Ten a Clock at night, to meet her in the great Walk in the Garden, to receive an account of her Negotiation: I was there to wait for her, and ſhe kept her Aſſignation. I ſaw her come with one of her Maids, who was her Confident; and having given her my hand to lead her into a Bower, I went in with her trembling, for fear of having ill News, which I preſently apprehended from her Countenance. Poor

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Marqueſs, ſays ſhe, *you have no better fortune than others; this Girls heart is proof to all Eſſays; and did you but know that ill-favoured deſcription and ſcurvy character ſhe gave of you, you would ſoon judge it to no purpoſe to apply your ſelf to her: but I would have you believe, I ſay not this to diſcourage you, but ſhould be ſorry to ſee a young Gentleman as you, have qualities worthy the eſteem of a fair Lady, ſhould imploy them, where there is not any hopes to prevail.* I had certainly ſuſpected this extraordinary condeſcenſion, and goodneſs of the Vice-Queen, had not what ſhe ſaid been agreeable to the report of the whole Court, that the fair *Eleanor* was the moſt inſenſible perſon in the World. I knew well enough, 'twas not any concern ſhe had for the paſſion of her Son, made her ſpeak as ſhe did; ſhe loved him very little, and the complaiſance ſhe had expreſs'd for me, ſecured me on that ſide. I might have been ſo ſagacious and quick-ſighted, as to ſee ſhe ſpoke for her ſelf, and adviſed me to quit the thoughts of *Eleanor*, to gain her ſelf Advantage; but I was ſo oppreſt with grief at the News,

that

that I was utterly incapable of making any reflection: she was a Lady, the most dexterous and insinuating on Earth, and made so good use of the power she had over me, that she not only shook the passion I was under, but help'd me to take resolution to rid my self of it, though with the loss of my life. To bring this about, I thought it necessary to find another Beauty to amuse my Affections; but where-ever I cast my eyes, in the Court, or out of it, I could discover nothing capable to make me forget one moment, the Charms of the beautiful *Eleanor*. The Vice-Queen having after that evening said nothing to me of it, saw me one morning alone in her Chamber, where her Son had newly left me; she asked me smiling, *Whether I had taken her advice, and followed her Counsels?* Madam, *answered I*, that cannot be done, without my having equal command over my Affections, as you have over yours; or finding at least in another Lady, those Excellencies I admire in the fair *Eleanor*. This Discourse had not pleased her, could she have thought her self of the number

ber of thoſe others I mentioned, not comparable to *Eleanor*. But the good opinion ſhe had of her ſelf, and the reſpect due to her quality, contributed to the good conſtruction ſhe made of my expreſſions, ſo that my words gave no offence; but on the contrary, being extreamly glad, no Beauty at Court but *Eleanor*'s pleaſed me, ſhe told me ſmiling, *She would find me out a Perſon, that wanted nothing of what might engage the affections of a gallant man, and that ſhe was very well aſſur'd, I would not deny it.* I gave her a thouſand thanks, not doubting in the leaſt of the good ſucceſs of her choice, but was very unwilling to abuſe her great goodneſs: that as to *Eleanor*, ſhe had done her pleaſure; but that the reſpect due to her, would not permit me to give away, ſhe ſhould be at the trouble to find me a Miſtreſs. She told me, ſhe took delight in't; that ſhe was loth any ones Affections ſhould be loſt for want of being engag'd; and that knowing my merit, ſhe would think it a pleaſure to ſerve me, and take care I wanted nothing in her Court.

All this ſhe ſaid with an air ſo free, ſo full of goodneſs, it charm'd me: And I had almoſt anſwered, She might without further ſearch, find in her ſelf what ſhe promiſed me elſewhere. The truth is, ſetting aſide her Age, ſhe might have paſs'd for one of the faireſt and beſt humoured Women of the Kingdom; but I was not willing to venture ſo far for fear of miſcarriage, and was content to wait for a ſight of her, ſhe would provide for me. I deſired her not to make me languiſh, being an impatient Lover, and in a condition required preſent remedy. She aſſur'd me, I ſhould hear from her that day, and that I had no more to do, but prepare my ſelf to be deeply in Love.

At this we were interrupted by company coming in, which oblig'd me to withdraw. I ſpent the reſt of the morning in muſing of what paſs'd between us, gueſſing ſometimes ſhe meant one Lady, ſometimes another of thoſe I knew moſt intimate with her, and moſt proper for the deſign, but could not fix my judgment on any. This gave me ſome diſquiet and trouble, with an impatient deſire to ſee the Vice-Queen again.

again. I made in the afternoon forty journeys to Court, to see if she had any thing to say to me; she laughed at my haste, and at length told me, my hour was not yet come, nor the day gone; that I should go home and have patience, and when the time came, she would send me news. Night came, but no news from the Vice-Queen, which made me believe, she fool'd me; so that I could not forbear returning to the Palace, where I heard she was gone to visit a Lady her Friend. I was so ready to imagine it was the Lady she spoke of, that I enquired her name, and where she lived; but could not learn either. The caution she had used in that particular, fully convinc'd me, she was gone about my business, and that she made the visit private, that my love might be as secret, and the Court kept ignorant, how far her complaisance had carried her to serve me.

I return'd in all haste to my Lodging, as assur'd of all this; nor was I much mistaken, for I was scarce got thither, but I received from her a Billet, brought me by a Lady attended with two Chairs, and express'd as follows.

I have done what you desired, and I think, found out the person you wanted; you will easily confess I am very much your friend: the sole acknowledgment I expect is, you would not make me a Lyar, having promised the Lady that upon the bare description I made you of her, you would bring her a heart full of love. See you do it, for if you deceive me in this, I shall never pardon you the fault. You have no more to do but follow her that brings you this Billet without noise or attendance; for you are to come into a place of safety.

Had it come from any other I should not have gone without a Guard at distance, but coming from the Vice-Queen, I could not suspect danger. All I thought of it was, that being a jovial and pleasant Lady, she had a frollick in her head, and resolved to put on me some pleasant trick: without more ado, I made me ready to laugh with her in good earnest: I went into one of the Chairs, and followed her who brought the Billet, and was got into the other. They carried us a great way into a private part of the Town, and there set down the Chairs which my Guide sent away, and we

we marched a little further, till we came to a houſe which made a fair ſhew; I learnt afterwards it belong'd to a Lady of her Bed-Chamber, her Confident, who indeed was my Guide, and having open'd the door, made me go in without noiſe: I ſaw neither lacquey nor light. This ſurpriz'd me, and made me the more confident, ſome frollick intended: I ſaid not a word but prepar'd, in caſe things went not as I could wiſh, to have my ſhare of the mirth with them, who came to laugh at my coſt. At laſt the Lady took me by the hand to lead me up a pair of ſtairs in the dark, which brought us to a room no lighter then the ſtairs, and thence into a Chamber where were two Flamboys lighted. It appeared a good room, but what pleaſed me moſt was, the ſight of a fair Lady, who careleſly laid on a very rich bed, ſeemed aſleep with her hood over her face. I began to repent my cenſure of the Vice-Queen, whom I then thought to have written in good earneſt: I ſaw nothing in this Lady but what pleaſed me extreamly, and to ſpeak the truth, it was the ſole moment I

may be said to have forgot the fair *Eleanor*, since I loved her. She was in a loose dress, but handsom, and rich beyond expression: I had not seen the like at Court, and knew not what to think, the Richness of the furniture, as well as her dress declaring her to be a Lady of no ordinary quality: but I was very much perplext to guess who she was. I made up to her, and spoke; and the amorous impatience I had to know her, not permitting the use of much Ceremony towards the Lady that stayed for me, I put my knee to the Ground, and laying hold on one of her fair hands, which she allowed me to kiss; It was but reason, *Madam*, said I, *I should have languished all this day as I have done, who could not expect this happiness, without being put to the pain at least of longing for it.* I looked for an answer in hopes to know the voice, but she said not a word. I intreated her to ease me of the pain, she might believe I was in, and that if she resolved not to be seen, she would however voudhsafe to speak to me, that where I was directed to bring a heart of love, I hoped to

see

ſee a Lady that had Beauty and Wit; that as yet ſhe had only moved my curioſity, but if ſhe meant to reach my heart, I muſt ſee her. As I ſpoke thus, I perceived her laugh, which gave me the boldneſs to lift up her hood: She put back my hand, but ſo weakly, I thought it would not diſpleaſe her to preſs a little further: there were but we two in the Room, her Confident having doubtleſs received Orders to withdraw, and I was ready to put her to the ſqueek, when at laſt ſhe threw off her hood. But how was I ſurpriz'd to ſee 'twas the Vice-Queen. Well *Sir*, ſays ſhe, bluſhing, *will you be content with your good fortune? And will it not be preſumption in me to fancy my ſelf capable to make you forget all other Beauties.* I anſwered her more like a Gallant then a Lover: ſhe was ſatisfi'd however, and without ingaging further in the relation of a diſcourſe, of which you may gueſs the conſequence, I will tell you only that having ſpent two or three hours in her company, I return'd to my lodging the way I came, and ſhe to the Pallace.

I saw her on the morrow, and our Correspondence held for some time, but cur'd not my passion. Her Son with whom I had particular as well as general reasons to maintain a fair Correspondence, expreſt more friendship for me then I could have wisht: he was not content to make me the Confident of his affection, but imploy'd me to speak for him to the fair *Eleanor*, expecting more benefit from the Intercession of such a Friend, than any addresses of his own: I did, and you have doubtless heard from her; she let me understand, I should speed better in speaking for my self then for him, 'twas then I thought my self the most unfortunate of men, for believing so easily what the Vice-Queen had said to me, whose conduct convinc'd me sufficiently, how far she concern'd her self in my business. I design'd that moment to abandon her favour, and give my self up intirely to my first passion; but to prevent the trouble I might expect from the Vice-Queen, if she knew it, I thought fit to dissemble a little, and disingage my self by degrees without

out declaring on the ſudden for *Eleanor*. I obſerved the beſt I could the meaſures I had taken, but 'tis a difficult matter to conceal a paſſion from a jealous and a witty Woman. The Vice-Queen perceived my relapſe, before I made *Eleanor* acquainted with it; ſhe puniſhed my Apoſtacy with a thouſand reproaches, which were ſeconded with tears, and I (the better to manage her) pretended a firm Reingagement to her. But what will not a ſlighted Lady do? or what more dangerous than a jealous Woman? I was thenceforward more curious of ſeeing and ſpeaking with the beautiful *Eleanor*, and avoided the occaſions of being found in her company, which the Vice-Queen was by, but all to no purpoſe: the Vice-Queen knew all, and ſo well diſcern'd what was true, from what was feigned, that ſhe gueſſed exactly right of the privateſt of my thoughts. One day as I walked with her in the Garden, ſhe told me, we had both loſt time to no purpoſe, I in forcing my ſelf againſt my Inclination, to pretend continuance of affection

for her, and she in endeavouring to make me love, though against my will. That she saw well enough what I now did, was but the effect of my civility to a Lady of her quality, who had expreſt kindneſs for me. But 'twas time to put an end to our pain, and to ſatisfie me ſhe intended it. She aſſured me, ſhe would no longer oppoſe my Inclination, and that I would believe it, upon the Confeſſion ſhe made me, that I might expect from *Eleanor* not only a kind reception, but ſomething of love; yet I put no great confidence in all theſe good words, as coming from a party too lyable to ſuſpition. But when by an Excels of goodneſs ſhe added, that to convince me, ſhe was more my Friend then I could Imagine, ſhe would contribute more then any other to my ſatisfaction; and procure a Letter from the Vice-Roy to *Eleanor's* Father, to perſwade him to conſent I ſhould have his Daughter I was ſo tranſported with joy, I could not forbear making her very large acknowledgements. She told me, I ſhould ſee by the anſwer to that Letter what good

Service

Service she had done me: She did as she promised, and after the Letter she procured from the Vice-Roy, I doubted not of being compleatly happy in few days. The news was confirmed by the beautiful *Eleanor*, and I had the pleasure to see her glad of it as I was: nothing troubled me then but the slow pace of time. The Vice-Roy had sent an express to *Genes*, but the Courier was scarce got a Horseback, but I wish'd him return'd: every moment seemed a year by my longing and impatience: the only pleasure I had, was the time I was in *Eleanor*'s company, who assur'd on her part of the success of the Vice-Roy's Recommendation, who had great Interest with her Father, and sensible of the pain I was in to have the matter confirmed; had not the power to deny my passion the favour of a visit, which I begged I might make her, having ingaged my self to her with all the promises and oaths, to be expected on such an occasion from a Lover belov'd. The assignation was made, and her Chamber agreed for the place of Rendezvous. *Pardon me, my dear* Assen, *for fetching*

fetching a ſigh at the remembance of that day, which ſhould have been a time of love and of joy, but was the moſt diſmal and unfortunate of my life.

Night was come, and when I thought my ſelf juſt ready to be poſſeſs'd of ſo great a happineſs, *Clarice*, who waited on *Eleanor* in her Chamber, and was her intimate Confident, brought me a Billet. I will ſhew you, having by good fortune kept it ſafe to this minute. With that he took out a little Purſe from his pocket, and out of the Purſe the Billet, which he read to *Aſſen* in theſe words.

I am heartily ſorry, my dear Hippolito, *I muſt fail my aſſignation. But an unhappy accident I muſt not now tell you of, will for a few days retard our happineſs: you may believe me, as ſenſible of it as you are, but love me as you have done. Love will furniſh us with opportunity enough,* Adieu.

I had never received a Letter from *Eleanor*, nor knew her Character; ſo that it was eaſie for *Clarice* to make me believe that Billet came from her: I asked her what her Miſtreſs ail'd; *Nothing*, ſays ſhe laughing, *but that ſhe*

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is not very well this evening. I fancied I underſtood her meaning, and examin'd her no further; but withdrew ſufficiently diſpleaſed with my ill fortune that night, when a Page of the Vice-Queens met me coming down ſtairs, and told me, his Lady deſired to ſpeak with me. In the humour I was in, I could have wiſh'd a Diſpenſation from waiting upon her; but not knowing what excuſe to make being ſo near her, and fearing ſhe might have ſomething to tell me from *Eleanor*, being the common ſubject of her diſcourſe with me, I followed the Page into her Chamber, where I found her expecting my coming: ſhe was at her Toilet, and the Vice-Roy being out of Town, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe reproached me for deſerting her ſo: ſhe could of late ſcarce ſee me in the croud; that if I would not out of Gallantry, I ſhould at leaſt out of civility have afforded her my company, when deſtitute of other. I was not diſpoſed for giving her ſo pleaſing an anſwer as I would have done another time, however I ſaid not any thing to diſoblige her:

I.

I was melancholy and vext, but ſo deeply in love, I had a ſtock of kindneſs, and complaiſance which abundantly furniſhed me with pleaſing expreſſions, which the Vice-Queen did not diſapprove of: I had not ſeen her in a better humour; and falling into diſcourſe, ſhe kept me with her a great part of that night; but ſhe thought me out of humour, and quarrelled with me upon't: I excuſed my ſelf, as having ſat up all the night before at play. Hereupon ſhe invited me to lye on her Bed; I was priviledg'd to be familiar, and without further intreaty made uſe of my liberty: for the truth is, I was almoſt dead for want of ſleep; within leſs than two hours I was awak'd on the ſudden by the light of a Flamboy, held before my eyes, and the firſt object I ſaw, was *Eleanor* with a Ponyard in her hand, to take away my life, had not *Don Alphonſo* laid hold on her arm, and prevented the ſtroke. Judge you what amazement I was in, I might with ſome reaſon have ſuſpected all this a Dream: But my Rival having ſeized the Ponyard, to execute what he had hindered *Eleanor*

to

to do, had she not done me in her turn the like Service. I thought it high time to take care of my life, and running to my Arms, put my self in a posture of defence. The Vice-Queen half dead with the fright, came running to part us, but was like to have been kill'd by her Son, who seemed as eager to dispatch her as me. I happily saved her two or three times, and at last standing before her, the fury *Don Alphonso* was in, made him run on my Weapon, and kill himself rather than be killed by me: I saw him fall, which troubled me extreamly, foreseeing the dreadful Consequence of such a misfortune. I turn'd towards the unhappy Mother, to ask her what she would do, and found her swoun away, and lying without motion: I was so much afflicted with the spectacle, I wish'd my self dead: at last necessity pressing me to withdraw, I entred *Eleanor's* Chamber, to see her once more, and dye at her feet, if she desired my life to expiate my fault, but I found her not, and so left the Pallace without any obstacle. My design was to pass into *Sicily*, and being in search of

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a *Felucca* to embark in, found *Clarice* almoſt drown'd in tears at the Port. I knew her, and asked whither ſhe went, and what ſhe would have: *Ah Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I have been looking for my Miſtreſs, who the Mariners tell me, is embarqued not a quarter of an hour ſince for* Barcellona. I was ſtrangely ſurprized at the news, and without further deliberation, took the firſt *Felucca* I met, and *Clarice* being very willing to go with me in ſearch of her Miſtreſs, or rather to get away from a Court, where ſhe had reaſon to fear the ſevereſt extremities, after the diſorder lately happen'd, wherein ſhe knew her ſelf concern'd; I put her aboard, and had the weather ſo favourable, we hoped to reach *Barcellona* before *Eleanor* could be there. I took care to inquire the Name of the *Felucca* ſhe was embarqued in, and the Maſters. I was till then ſo diſtracted and oppreſs'd with grief and deſpair, it was not in my power to make any reſolution on all theſe misfortunes; but being got to Sea, I recollected my ſelf, and conſidered all thoſe diſaſters; but the more I thought on them, the more

more was I perplex'd about them. I could not imagine by what accident *Don Alphonſo* and *Eleanor* ſhould be altogether to ſurprize me in the Vice-Queens Chamber; unleſs we had been betray'd, or *Don Alphonſo* more in favour with *Eleanor* than I believed: and if that were ſo, why ſhould my Rival prevent my death, as he did, and why did ſhe take her turn too, to ſave my life from *Alphonſo*, unleſs both were ambitious of the hour to have killed me. However I muſt confeſs I deſerv'd death, and wiſh I had received it at *Eleanor*'s hand; I ſhould not then have had the diſpleaſure of imbrewing my hands in the Blood of a Perſon, who had all the reaſon in the World to be reveng'd of me.

Clarice was very ill in the *Felucca*, of the fright ſhe had taken, or elſe Sea-ſick. I had not ſeen her all the time of the diſaſter at *Naples*, I told her part of the ſtory, and found it ſo much afflicted her; eſpecially when I acquainted her with the death of *Alphonſo*, ſhe grew worſe and worſe: I asked her ſeveral queſtions, which ſhe anſwered with a great deal of trouble, pretending

tending Ignorance, but in ſuch a manner as gave me cauſe enough to ſuſpect the contrary, and believe ſhe was more concerned in this buſineſs than I was aware of: I was unwilling to preſs her in the condition ſhe was in, to reveal the ſecret, though I was curious of a diſcovery, but hoped to make it, when ſhe ſhould be a little better.

We arriv'd at *Barcellona*, but no news of the Bark *Eleanor* went aboard of: I reſolved to have patience a while, as well as the Merchants, who had effects in it of great value: But how careful ſoever I was of *Clarice*, ſhe grew worſe than at Sea, and all the Phyſicians could do for her, prevented not her being reduced to that extremity, they gave her over as deſperate; ſo that finding her ſelf at deaths door, ſhe ſent for me to her Chamber, and having deſired to ſpeak with me in private, the reſt of the company quitted the Room, and ſhe told me, that *Don Alphonſo* having gained her, ſhe did him all the Service ſhe could againſt me with her Miſtreſs; and having over-heard part of my laſt diſcourſe with *Eleanor*, ſhe inſtantly

ſtantly acquainted my Rival with it, who tranſported with rage and deſpair, againſt a deſign ſo fatal to his Affection, reſolved by any means to defeat it, and if poſſible make advantage of it for himſelf. That in order to this, he made her write a Letter, and carry it me, as from her Miſtreſs; that *Don Alphonſo* took his time, and his meaſures accordingly, having learnt from her the hour, and the manner of my coming to *Eleanor*'s Chamber; that he got in without difficulty: but what paſs'd further, ſhe knew not; only ſome hours after, hearing the noiſe of Swords, ſhe ran in, where ſhe found her Miſtreſs all in diſorder, packing away; that ſhe would have followed her, but her Miſtreſs begg'd of her to let her go alone. At laſt finding the noiſe increaſe in the Vice-Queens Chamber, ſhe was frighted, and went towards the Port, where I found her; with that the unhappy Girl with abundance of tears, begged that now at her death, I would pardon her a Crime had coſt her her life. She ſaid no more, but two hours after died. I will not tell you the dif-

different motions of my heart, during the diſmal Relation this Wretch made me; but the appearance of Death in her face made me pardon her. As for *Don Alphonſo*, I heartily wiſh'd him alive again, as not ſufficiently puniſhed by one Death for his Treaſon; but the Traytors being both in another World, I had no Subject to exerciſe my Revenge on, unleſs my ill Fate, againſt which I ſpent my time in fruitleſs Complaints.

To compleat my miſery, News came, the Bark we expected was loſt, which was confirmed by Advice from ſeveral Parties. Never man in ſuch deſpair as I; I will not tell you the extravagancies it made me run into; it diſtracts me to think on't: there was no other remedy to bring me to my ſelf, but to perſwade me the News from Sea were not ſo ſure, but that we had reaſon to expect further Confirmation, and that Veſſels reported caſt away, came frequently ſafe into Port: that the Sea was a large Countrey, and one Veſſel might be eaſily miſtaken for another, and that many fell into the hands of the *Turks*, which were

were ſuppoſed to have been wracked, becauſe they were not heard of. This gave me but ſmall comfort; yet I thought I had ſome reaſon of hope, undertaking a Voyage to viſit all the Ports of the *Levant*, till I ſhould learn ſome certainty of the *Felucca* I was in ſearch of.

The *Aga* having finiſhed his Story, *Aſſen* told him, he was very glad for his ſake, that Matters paſs'd otherwiſe than *Eleanor* believed; that it would be no hard matter to make his peace, when ſhe underſtood the Treachery of her Chamber-maid; that he was not to wonder at the Anger ſhe expreſs'd againſt him, for that ſhe knew not any of the Particulars he related to juſtifie himſelf, but ſuſpected him of Intelligence with *Don Alphonſo* to betray her. *Heavens! is it poſſible*, cries Hippolito, *ſhe ſhould do my Love the injury, to entertain ſuch a thought of me! had I not loved her as I did, could ſhe fancy me capable of ſo much baſeneſs?* Sir, ſaid *Aſſen*, when there's Evidence againſt us, and no Plea in defence for our juſtification, we are eaſily caſt: what could you expect a Lady diſhonoured by

by the Son, ſhould have believed of you, whom ſhe found in the Arms of the Mother, but that he ſacrificed the one to you, that you might leave him the other. *Ah!* Aſſen, replies the *Aga* with a ſigh, *let's talk no more of what's paſt; as innocent as I am of the one ſide, I muſt acknowledge my ſelf guilty of the other.* But let me entreat you to excuſe and extenuate the fault as much as you can before her; or rather never ſpeak of it, but endeavour only to diſabuſe her, and alter the ill opinion ſhe hath of me, and aſſure your ſelf, what-ever Fortune befal me, I will not be ungrateful for the Service you will do me. I believe you have heard from her who I am, and if the condition ſhe is in, or any other Reaſon, hath oblig'd her to conceal her Birth, and other things concerning her, that might render her more worthy the zeal you have for her Service, I will ſatisfie your curioſity in every particular. *Aſſen* thanked him, and fell a laughing, and anſwered, He had known her too long to want Inſtructions in thoſe Particulars, and could give a better account of her Birth and

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Family than any Perſon what-ever. The *Aga*, ſurpriz'd at it, entreated him earneſtly to let him underſtand, how he being a *Turk*, ſhould ſo long and ſo particularly know her. *Aſſen* told him the Story, and part of what happen'd at *Genes*.

It was day by that time *Aſſen* had done, which put them in mind of taking ſome reſolution about the deſign in hand, and the means to be made uſe of, to get *Laura* out of the Caſtle without danger. They thought of ſeveral ways, but all appeared full of uncertainty and inconvenience; yet they two could beſt do it of any, the one having all the power over *Laura*'s Guards, and the other over the Garriſon of the Caſtle. But all things were ſo ſtrictly examined by the vigilance of the inferior Officers, whom the *Dey* (a man as vigilant as fearful) had ſtrictly commanded to be always on Guard, and not permit any to come in, or go out, without taking exact notice of them, that it was abſolutely neceſſary to take right meaſures, and ſtill fear the ſucceſs. *Aſſen* at length bethought himſelf of a Stratagem, the

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leſs ſubject to diſcovery, as covered under a cloak of Religion, though in truth, apt to ſtartle a nice Girl as *Laura*. There was a Souldier of the Caſtle dead the night afore, to be buried that day; he reſolved to lock up the Corps in a Chamber, and carry out *Laura* on the Bier, as if ſhe had been the Souldier, to be buried in the Church-yard behind the Caſtle. The *Aga* was of opinion, there could be no danger in the expedient, but doubted much whether *Laura* could be induc'd to make uſe of it; yet after long conſultation, and diſcourſe of other means, they thought that not only the beſt, but the only one they could promiſe themſelves a good deſign from. But to prevent the trouble *Laura* might have upon the apprehenſion of Death, or other ſad Accident, they agreed not to tell her of the Bier, but propoſe carrying her out in a Chair. This being reſolved on, *Aſſen*, who was to ſee her that morning, undertook to perſwade her to it, and the *Aga* in the mean time gave order, the dead Souldier ſhould not be buried till the Evening. He recommended to *Aſſen*, the care

care of his Affairs with his Miſtreſs, gave him *Clarices* Letter to produce in juſtification of him; and after a great deal of Civility and Kindneſs on both ſides, they parted, to meet again at Dinner at *Aſſen*'s, for fear their long Conferences in the Caſtle might occaſion ſuſpicion in the Garriſon, being extreamly jealous and miſtruſtful. *Laura*, who had ſcarce reſted all night for Dreams, which troubled her, was very joyful to ſee *Aſſen* come ſo early, to divert her from the thoughts of them. *Well, dear* Aſſen, ſays ſhe, *ſhall we be once eaſed of our Chains? and muſt we carry this Traytor along with us?* Traytor, *Madam*, anſwers *Aſſen*, he is the moſt honeſt and moſt paſſionate of Lovers. *Ah!* ſays ſhe, *I foreſaw he would corrupt even your fidelity; I know too well the power he hath to gain affection, and had reaſon enough to diſtruſt him.* Be not ſo haſty, *Madam, replies the Turk*, to condemn a man unheard. Why, *what, ſays ſhe*, can he offer againſt what I have ſeen? Did not I find him with the Vice-Queen? Was it not he that help'd the Traytor *Alphonſo* to abuſe me? No, *Madam*, I

assure you, *answers Assen*, be pleased to let me tell you, what you know well enough, that he loved you too well, to be capable of an action of that kind; and to clear all your doubts, *adds he*, shewing her *Clarices* Letter, Know you that Character? *Well*, said she, somewhat surpriz'd, *'tis my Chamber-maids: Read it*, replies *Assen*, and you shall see who was guilty of the Treason. *Laura* read it, and had scarce done, when relenting at the Injury done *Hippolito*, or troubled for the Treachery of a Maid, she had so much confided in; *O God of Vengeance*, cry'd she with tears, *wilt thou leave unpunished a Wretch so treacherous, and one who hath been the cause of so many disasters?* No sure, *says Assen*, for she is already dead, if not as her Treason deserved, yet for grief of having committed it. With that he related to her, what she knew not of the Story of the *Marquess*, and found it no difficult business to appease the great wrath she had express'd against him, to procure him her general pardon, and obtain her consent for his going along with them. *Assen*, like a dexterous Con-

Confident, ſaid not a word of what concerned the Vice-Queen; and *Laura*, who had no deſire to be any more angry with her dear Servant, was not very curious to queſtion him on that point: ſhe was content to believe him innocent of one ſide, and to be furniſhed with a pretence not to hate him; ſo hard a matter is it to uſe ill thoſe we love, how criminal ſoever. *Aſſen* then told her of the reſolution taken by the *Aga* and him, to have her carried out in a Chair, and found her diſpoſed to do what-ever they ſhould think fit, but with condition there ſhould be no more danger for them than for her. *Aſſen* undertook it, and told her, ſhe had no more to do, but make ready againſt the firſt Watch, whilſt the *Aga* and he took Orders for other things. *Aſſen* went home, where *Beyran-Aga*, came ſhortly after, and gave him an account of all he had done. *Aſſen* laboured with much diligence and dexterity to ſee the *Brigandine* well ſtored with Neceſſaries; you may believe, *Beyran* failed not, as buſie as he was, to deſire an account of what moſt concerned him, the ſtate

of his Affair with his Miſtreſs. His dear Confident acquainted him with what ſucceſs he had diſcharged the Commiſſion he gave him, which *Beyran* was ſo glad of, as it was not in his power to expreſs his Acknowledgment. All was ready, and *Aſſen* had given out the neceſſary Orders, as well for the *Brigandine*, as for Horſes and Men. The *Aga* and he went together to the Caſtle, where the *Aga* made him a Preſent of all the Jewels he had received at ſeveral times from the *Dey*, and entreated him to accept them not as a ſatisfaction, but a pledge of the aſſurance he had given him to be ever his Friend, and ſerve him on all occaſions. *Aſſen*, who endeavoured, but in vain, to refuſe his liberality, would not accept of it, but on condition the *Aga* would make uſe on all occaſions of what he had beſtowed, as ſtill his own, and believe *Aſſen* ſenſible, he had not ſufficiently obliged him to merit ſo rich a Preſent. They went from the Caſtle, to make their Court to the *Dey*; and the hour being come, *Aſſen* firſt changed *Laura*'s Guards, relieving them by three of

his Servants, whom he was to take with him, that none might be left behind to diſcover the Deſign, or the Road they ſhould take. The *Aga* quickly followed him, longing to ſee *Laura*; he fell down at her feet in ſuch a Tranſport of Joy and Love, it moved her to that tenderneſs, ſhe could not forbear embracing him. As ſhe raiſed him from the Ground, they were falling into amorous Diſcourſe; but *Aſſen* told them, it was not a time to diſcourſe, but to put their Deſign in execution, unleſs they had a mind to ſee it miſcarry; and that when they ſhould be once out of danger, they ſhould have leiſure enough to ſay what they pleaſed. *Laura* and *Beyran*, who deſired nothing more than to ſee themſelves at liberty, were eaſily perſuaded to follow his Advice. And the Chair being brought by the *Aga*'s Order, who had hidden the Corps, they wrapt up *Laura* in a clean Sheet, and without ſaying a word of the Bier, put her in it, and cauſed it to be carried out of her Chamber, where having according to the cuſtom of the Place,

thrown a Carpet over her, one of *Assen's* men took the Lanthorn, and the other two carried the Bier; *Beyran* leading the Van, and *Assen* bringing up the Rear. A Corps is a sacred thing among the *Turks*; nor would any of the Guard have thought of searching the Bier, though neither *Beyran* nor *Assen* had been with it. They went to the Church-yard, where having taken *Laura* out of her Grave, they marched towards the *Carthage-gate*, which the *Aga* commanded to be opened, that they might take Horse, which attended them hard by. *Laura* and the *Aga*, whom we will hereafter call by their names, could not yet take any pleasure to see themselves out of the Castle and City, for fear of ill Accidents, but long'd to see themselves at Sea; however they were glad they got happily so far, in hopes Fortune would in favour of Love, improve that lucky beginning to a suitable end. But this small Lightning of Joy quickly vanished, being dash'd out by the cruelty of their Fate; for being arriv'd, where they expected to take Horse, they found by *Assen's* Servants, the *Bassa's* Sophies had taken them away.

away. In what perplexity then was this unfortunate Company? they were five or six Leagues distant from the Cape of *Carthage*, where the *Brigandine* was; they had no time to lose, and knew not what to resolve on, when on the sudden they heard the noise of Horses making towards them. *Assen* hid *Eleanor* and *Hippolito* under an old Wall, and advanced with some of his people towards the Horse-men! They marched apace, and quickly asked, who is there? *Assen* told them who he was, and by good fortune, found it was *Romadan*, the Master of the Gallies, coming from *Port-farm* with a Guard. He told him, the *Bassa*'s Sophies had taken from his people some Horses he had in readiness to go for *Cape-Carthage*, to see a *Brigandine* he was sending out to Sea. *Romadan*, who knew the respect the *Bassa* had for *Assen*, was angry for what was done by the Sophies; and to remedy the inconvenience, told *Assen*, he might take his choice of what Horses he pleased out of his Troop, and not trouble himself for his own, they should be sent him where he pleased to order.

Assen, glad of the opportunity, accepted his offer; and *Romadan* taking him aside, told him, The *Bassa* had a design to come again to him, and by any means to get *Laura* out of the Castle, and that he would do well in his return from *Cape-Carthage*, to take the Camp in his way, and endeavour to divert the *Bassa* from so dangerous an Enterprize. *Assen* having promised it, dis-engaged himself from *Romadan* as soon as he could; but *Romadan* would oblige him at parting, with two of his Horse-men, to accompany him, and serve him from the Parties that were abroad, and might set upon him unknown. This put *Assen* into a little perplexity, but he would not refuse the kindness, for fear of giving cause of suspition: And having taken his leave, he advanced towards his company, and acquainted the two Lovers in few words, what fortune he had met with. All mounted, and *Eleanor* in Boys Cloaths, pass'd for a young Slave of *Assen*'s, the night helping to cover the disguise, they made all the haste possible, *Hippolito* being still at *Eleanor*'s elbow,

elbow, the Maſter of the Gallies Horſe-men led the Van, to anſwer thoſe they met; and *Aſſen*, as Commander in chief, ſometimes on one ſide, ſometimes on the other, without affecting much to be near *Hippolito* or *Eleanor*, by the help of the Horſe-men they had free paſſage; and were ſeveral times ſaved from being taken and carried before the *Baſſa*. At laſt being come to the *Brigandine*, they delivered the Horſes to be reſtor'd to the owners, and having rewarded them well for their pains, *Aſſen* ſent them back with this Letter to the *Baſſa*.

Sir, *Be not diſpleaſed with me, for endeavouring the liberty of a Maid, to whoſe Family I owe mine: you have often heard me ſpeak of my obligations to my Patron, when I lived among the Chriſtians; I have met with an occaſion to ſatisfie them in the Perſon of his Daughter, being that ſame* Laura *the* Dey *kept Priſoner. Wonder not my gratitude hath prevailed with me, to expoſe my life for thoſe who ſaved mine. The* Dey *perhaps may have as much reaſon as you to excuſe me, but in acti-*

ons that honour and reason inspire, I fear no reproach. Laura *was the cause of the difference betwixt you, the Peace will be easier made now she is gone. Thus doing my duty, I procure the good of my Country, which every honest man wishes, and will certainly thank me for.* Adieu, *live content, and prosper in your designs, and be so just as not to condemn*

Assen.

They instantly hoised sail, and the Weather being favourable, they doubled the Cape, pass'd *Port-Farine*, and were got a great way to Sea, before the Horse-men could have come to the *Bassa*, whom we will leave foaming with rage and fury against *Assen*, and return to the happy company, now beginning to take pleasure in seeing themselves out of danger at least from Land; for as to the Sea, while you are on it, there is no security against it.

Hippolito sat sighing by his beautiful *Eleanor*, and she feasted her self with the sweetness of liberty to enjoy in safety the conversation of a Lover she had given over for lost. *Assen* was busie giving orders in the *Brigandine*;

dine; but being becalmed on the ſudden, and no way to be made but by rowing, he ſate by them to congratulate their happineſs. *'Tis true*, ſays *Eleanor*, *I ſhould eſteem my ſelf the moſt fortunate perſon on Earth, if after what you have aſſur'd me of the Marqueſs, you could eaſe me of the ſcruples, the Turks habit he wears, raiſes within me. Was it poſſible*, adds ſhe bluſhing, *you ſhould change your Religion?* 'Tis the very thing I longed to know of him, *Madam*, and how he came to *Barbary*, for he hath not yet told me. *No, Madam*, anſwers *Hippolito*, I am ſtill a Chriſtian, and had I been threatned with Death, or with Torments, I ſhould not have changed my Religion, but 'tis true I have been long thought a Turk. *Aſſen*, who could not conceive how it could be ſo in a Country like his, where in matters of Religion, there are Formalities not to be counterfeited, pray'd him to declare what courſe he had taken, and how it was poſſible for him to eſcape Circumciſion, being the firſt of the Ceremonies uſed in that caſe. *Hippolito* to ſatisfie him, know-

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ing he ſhould at the ſame time do *Eleanor* a pleaſure, went on with his ſtory.

I told you formerly of the reſolution I took, of ſearching every Creek of the Mediterranean, for the Veſſel this Lady embarqued in: I did ſo for ſeven or eight months, in a little Frigat with ſix pieces of Ordinance, wherein I was at laſt taken by a Veſſel of *Tripoly* of no leſs than thirty Guns, after ſix hours Fight, and the loſs of almoſt all our men: I was carried to *Tripoly*, where they preſented me to the *Baſſa*, who upon the good report they gave of my behaviour in the Fight, uſed me very civilly, and having in few days expreſs'd no ſmall affection for me, wiſhed I would turn Turk, and ſent me for the purpoſe to a famous Cady to be inſtructed in their Faith: this *Mahometan* Doctor was a very honeſt man, and witty; he was the Son of a Renegado, and had leſs Faith than his Father in what he taught others: he ſpoke very freely to me, and I opened my ſelf to him, and pray'd him to make the *Baſſa* believe I was turn'd Turk; he did ſo, the *Baſſa* believed it on his word,

word, and expreſs'd for me more kindneſs than ever; but he had a Nephew who was jealous of it, and often quarrelled with me on that ſcore, which might afterwards have produced further inconvenience. The *Baſſa*, who had a tender love for this Nephew, foreſaw what might follow, and reſolved to part us for ſome time, till this Nephew were cured of his jealous and tempeſtuous humour; he ſent me with great Preſents to the *Dey* of *Tunis*, his intimate Friend, recommending me very earneſtly and affectionately to him. The *Dey* within a week after my arrival, made me his *Aga*: You know *Aſſen*, what a ſad life I led; but who would have thought, *ſays he*, addreſſing himſelf to *Eleanor*, I was ſo near what I ſearched for, and loved above all the World, yet knew nothing of it; and that my Fate ſhould make me ſo happy, when I was juſt upon loſing you.

The *Marqueſs* and *Eleanor* entred into further diſcourſe of their adventures; and the Maſters of the Veſſel coming to conſult *Aſſen*, he left them together to go on with their ſtories.

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The wind chopped about, and threatned a Storm, the Veſſel being ſmall, they thought it inconvenient to venture further to Sea: They tack'd about, making towards *Biſerti*, intending to ſail near the Coaſt of *Barbary*, till they ſhould come over againſt *Sardinia*, that they might croſs over (as ſoon as the weather ſerved) into the Iſles of St. *Peter*, where they hoped to anchor. This was their reſolution, and 'twas well for them they followed it, for the Storm was ſo great, they were forced to lye at Anchor three or four days among the Rocks on the Coaſt of *Barbary*. They were ſo far from *Tunis*, they had no cauſe to fear purſuit, being at Anchor in a place where a thouſand Veſſels might have paſs'd by without diſcovering them in the ſtorm.

The ſtorm at length was pretty well over, and the *Brigandine* purſu'd her Voyage along the Coaſt of *Barbary*; meeting by the way ſeveral Creeks, floating Hogſheads, and Planks, and other pieces of broken Ships, which they doubted not were caſt away,

away in the laſt ſtorm. For two days they cruiſed along that Sea; they were frequently entertained with thoſe lamentable ſpectacles, and at laſt heard the voice of a Man, which they fancied muſt have come from a Rock at leaſt three miles diſtant from Land; they preſently concluded it was one eſcaped out of the late Shipwracks. *Eleanor* was moved to pity at the cry, and *Aſſen* at her requeſt, turn'd the prow of his *Brigandine* towards the Rock. The Sea was then calm, and when they got within ſome paces of the Rock, they ſaw a man almoſt naked, without Hat, without Stockins, without Shoes, ſo maimed and disfigured, they knew not whether they ſhould more fear him or pity him. *Aſſen* having ordered the Sea-men to ceaſe rowing, asked him in *Moreſque*, how he came upon that Rock, and what he would have. I am an unfortunate Chriſtian (*anſwers he in Italian*) and not unknown to you, and if you will take the pains to get foot on land here, you will find what perhaps you are in ſearch of, but you muſt loſe no time,

time, otherwiſe your help may come too late. *Aſſen* amazed to hear him ſpeak ſo, obſerved ſomething in his Countenance, made him think he had ſeen him elſewhere. *Eleanor* was particularly aſtoniſhed at his voice, and fancied ſhe knew it; but the man was ſo diſfigured, ſhe could not poſſibly call to mind who he was. *Aſſen* asked him his name, and where he had ſeen him to know him: I tell you, *anſwers the man*, I have here what you perhaps go in ſearch of much further; the man you ſee is *Alexander* the *Baſſa*'s Slave, and if he has ſent thee for his Wife, thou may'ſt find her on this Rock half dead with her Sufferings theſe two days we have been here: he had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but *Eleanor* invaded at once with joy and grief cry'd out, which made the man turn his face, and ſhe knew him to be *Alexander*. *Ha Sir*, ſays ſhe, *is it poſſible it ſhould be you, and not know* Laura? As ſhe ſpoke thus, *Aſſen* having commanded the Oars to turn the prow to land, ordered a Plank from the Veſſel to the Rock, and

paſs'd

paſs'd over it firſt, *Hippolito* following with *Eleanor* by the hand, and all to embrace poor *Alexander*, who was ſo tranſported with joy, he could not ſay a word: he pray'd *Aſſin* to get him ſomething from aboard to comfort his dear *Sultaneſs*, who had not eat any thing for three days paſt. They gave order accordingly, and inſtantly ran towards the place where the *Sultaneſs* lay under a Buſh, where they found her half dead; a ſad ſight for *Laura*, yet mixt with joy to ſee her; but what an aſtoniſhing ſurprize was this to the *Sultaneſs*, who could ſcarce open her eyes, and knew not whether ſhe were awake or in a Dream, and whether what appeared to her, were Perſons or Spirits. You may imagine the haſte *Eleanor* made to help her, being readily ſeconded with *Hippolito*'s aſſiſtance: *What are you here* Laura, ſays the *Sultaneſs* with a feeble and languiſhing tone, *and am I not miſtaken? what good Angel hath ſent thee to reſcue me from the Jaws of Death?* Heavens! my dear *Sultaneſs* anſwers *Laura*, not able to for-

forbear crying, *Heavens! which hath had pity on us, and delivered me also out of the hands of the* Baſſa. The *Sultaneſs* began to recover, but had not ſtrength to ſpeak long. *Aſſen* told *Alexander* ſhe would be better aboard than at land, the Sea being ſtill. The Count, who had not yet had leiſure to diſcourſe them, asked where they were bound for, and having underſtood they ſail'd for *Italy*, he could not ſufficiently bleſs Heaven for ſo happy an accident. The *Sultaneſs* was carried aboard, and the weather being fair, they reſolved to put out to Sea, and divert their courſe for *Sardinia*.

Laura was ſo careful of the *Sultaneſs*, that ſhe began to gather ſtrength; *Aſſen* and *Hippolito* did their part with the Count, who had no leſs need of nouriſhment and reſt: This took up one day; on the morrow the weather continuing fair, and the *Sultaneſs* finding her ſelf in a condition to diſcourſe, they related to her what paſs'd at *Tunis* ſince her departure, and deſired Count *Alexander* to inform them how they came to be wrack'd, and by what Fortune

tune they got upon the Rock; he answered to this purpose.

You have heard without doubt, how the *Sultaneſs* was carried aboard by the *Baſſa*'s order, who thought (as well as I) it was *Laura*: You may imagine my ſurprize great, and my joy inexpreſſible. At our putting to Sea we had a good wind, but ſcarce paſt the Cape of *Carthage*, but we ſaw the *Heavens* cloudy on the ſudden, and had the wind in our Teeth, and ſo ſtrong a Gale, that our Veſſel being ſmall, and the ſtorm increaſing, we were driven on this Coaſt and caſt Anchor; preſently a violent and moſt terrible *Hurricane* broke our Cables, ſet us a-drift, and caſt us upon the Rocks. I leave it to you to gueſs, what an extremity this was for a Lover, having her he loved above the World ready to be loſt before his face, which heightned to the utmoſt the terrours of danger and death: I ſtood by the *Sultaneſs*, who with grief and fear was already half dead; and reaching out her hand, *Dear* Alexander, ſays ſhe, *ſince the hour is come we muſt dye, let us dye together.* Theſe words ſo reſolute and kind,

kind, pierced my very heart, and turned me into a Statue, leaving me without ſenſe or motion. All I could do, was embracing my dear *Sultaneß* for a final Adieu, when the Veſſel giving a great crack, made me turn my eyes towards the Window of my Cabin, where I ſaw a Rock almoſt touching the Poop; this ſurprized me not a little, and taking a ſuden reſolution, I placed the *Sultaneß* on my back, got upon the Deck, and in ſpite of the Sea-men, who would have diverted me, I leaped on the Rock without doing my ſelf or the *Sultaneß* harm. A moment after, the Sea which caſt the Veſſel on the Rock, carried it off again, leaving me and the *Sultaneß* there helpleſs of help, unleſs our Sea-men would pity us, but they could not maſter the winds, and the night was far gone, ſo that no good was to be expected from them till the morrow, if the ſtorm would over. A ſad night it was, the poor *Sultaneß* endeavoured to comfort me with hopes the Mariners would not forſake us; but what a lamentable ſpectacle had I at break of day, to ſee ſome Leagues diſtance

ſtance half a Ship a float, which by the number of People I ſaw returning from one end to another to get nearer land, was ſunk by the greatneſs of the waves, and all the men drown'd. What afflicted me moſt, was the ſight of the *Sultaneſs*, though ſhe by I know not what preſage, would not deſpair of good Fortune, but would tell me ſtill, *Heaven* had not ſaved us from the Sea, to let us periſh on that Rock; but would ſend to our aid one of the many Veſſels that paſs'd by that way. It was a piece of good Fortune I did not expect, yet I looked conſtantly about to diſcover ſome ſail, when at laſt having almoſt loſt hope, having for two days ſeen nothing on the Sea, I ken'd on the ſudden ſomething floating on the water, but being at diſtance, and diſcovering no ſail, I knew not whether to think it a Wrack, or ſome ſmall Veſſel with Oars; yet ſeeing you draw towards the Coaſt, and the nearneſs of the objects magnifying them every moment, I knew it to be a *Brigandine* that brought the *Sultaneſs* the News, who was not much pleaſed with it, fearing the Veſſel came from

Tunis,

Tunis, and being more willing to dye on the Rock, than return thither, I hollowed, and cry'd, and had the good luck to be heard by you; and if I did not presently express that joy which might have been expected upon knowing you, you will pardon it as an effect of the miserable condition I was reduced to, and will easily believe it could not but be great.

Count *Alexander* having ended his discourse, every one spoke his thoughts of all these adventures, mingling sighs with their joy, which increased at the news of one of *Asser*'s Servants, that he discerned land, and that it could be no other but *Sardinia*: He was in the right, but they could not anchor till the morrow; and the weather continuing good, within eight days they arrived at *Genes*, to the infinite satisfaction of this happy company, and all *Eleanor*'s Friends. Her Father was dead, and those who were intrusted with the tuition and disposal of her (if heard of) were easily induced to consent she should be married to *Marquess Hippolito*, who found means to make his Peace with the Vice-Roy of

Naples. The *Sultaneß* turn'd Christian, and Count *Alexander* married her: *Assen* followed the example of the *Sultaneß*, and Count *Alexander* as well as *Marqueß Hippolito* served him with their Credit and Estates, to make his Fortune, and live happily the rest of his days.

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